National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 50. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868. WHOLE NO. 1,454

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At Its Office, No. 39 Nassau Street, New York
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.
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For rates of Advertising and Club terms see Fourth page.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

EVERY true and earnest Radical throughout the land should diligently labor the next few weeks to secure the adoption by the National Republican Convention, holden at Chicago in May next, of a political platform embodying all that is thoroughly radical in principle, aggressive in Republicanism, grand in policy and desirable in reform. The action of that Convention will effectually determine whether the American Republic shall speedily reap the full fruits of its victories on the battle-fields, or whether the nation shall be doomed to four more years of fierce agitation and strife in the work of preventing rebellion from finally regaining by policy what arms had lost. The Republican party, weak and timid as it is, halting and vascilating as are many of its leaders, and stupid as it has often proved itself, the past seven years, is now the only political organization with power sufficient to reconstruct the nation in harmony with the Radical Democratic tendencies of the age, and place the American Union in its true position of leading and directing the glorious work of Republicanizing and uniting under one common flag, and in one grand union of free States all the nations, powers, families and kindreds of earth—the only political organization possessing sufficiently the confidence of the loyal, freedom-loving masses of the nation to enable it finally to elevate and educate the American voters up to that high plane of politics that regards the "UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC FOUNDED ON UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE AND UNIVERSAL EDUCATION," as the true aim of all political action.

In making these remarks, I do not wish to be understood as claiming, or admitting the Republican party is now, or will be the next four or five years, a thoroughly Radical organization, or will attempt, or dare attempt, the mighty political, moral and social revolutions, and the radical sweeping reforms in legislation and political economy requisite and necessary to secure in the American Republic the full and perfect reign of freedom, justice and equality. I do claim, however, that unlike any other existing national political organization, the Republican party has within itself a little Radical leaven, capable of eventually leavening the whole party and compelling it to complete the political, social and moral revolutions originating in the fierce agitations and bloody contests of the past century—that it is the only party embued in any degree with the spirit of progress. Admitting that to be true, it should be the duty of every earnest, true, man in the nation to see that at the next National Convention the order is issued that the Republican party "GO FORWARD"—that it enters the contest on the side of revolution and progress. That much, Radicalism can by resolute and determined action accomplish, notwithstanding it may fail in dictating the Presidential candidate.

That I do not over estimate the strength of the Radical element will be admitted after a careful survey of the situation. There exists in the American Republic, as in all other nations, both a conservative and a revolutionary, and progressive element. The conservative element, embracing a majority of the population and a large preponderance of the wealth of the nation, is timid, cautious, contented, opposed to change, indolent, self-satisfied, and if entrusted with power, would chain the destiny of the nation to the meaningless forms and obsolete follies of the past. Without faith in humanity, lacking confidence in the capacity of the people for self-government, and reading the whole duty of man in the cash book, it is mercenary, selfish and calculating, and can never be safely relied upon for the accomplishment of the many reforms necessary to the advancement of a truly Christian civilization and the elevation of the human race. Had that element steadily ruled the nation from the day of its birth, the American Union to-day would only be composed of some fourteen or fifteen States east of the Mississippi River, and a population of some fifteen millions of inhabitants. The revolutionary and progressive element is always bold, restless, active, dissatisfied with past and present achievement, and looks steadily forward to the accomplishment of grander and mightier results in the future. Self-reliant, void of selfishness, full of faith in humanity and confidence in the capacity of the people for self-government, it can always be relied upon to accomplish the mighty revolutions and changes in the political, social and moral world necessary to secure for mankind the highest degree of moral and intellectual culture and material prosperity. To that element alone are we as a nation indebted for all we possess valuable in invention, liberal and generous in politics, elevating in literature, heroic in history, true in religion, refining in art, and grand in material development; and to that element alone must the nation look to conduct the republic safely through the coming century of expansion and growth.

The Republican party, as first formed in 1855 and 1856, was little more than a conglomeration of political contradictions organized in opposition to the encroachments of the corrupt and insolent conservatism of the then dominant party. Conservatism really predominated in its organization, and to a great degree gave tone and direction to its policy. Still it contained within its ranks all that was [politically] revolutionary and progressive in the land, and that element was sufficiently strong to stamp much of its enthusiasm and activity upon its movements, and compel the party to select as its first standard bearer Gen. Fremont, the man, who, above all others in the nation, personified all that was revolutionary, liberal, progressive and enthusiastic in policy. The result of that selection was one of the most enthusiastic and animated political campaigns ever known in America, and a new political organization springing into life, and compacted into shape, combining strength, enthusiasm and power sufficient to ensure success at the next Presidential election. During the four years under the administration of Mr. Buchanan, the Republican party gradually gained accessions from all parties and all political organizations, until, in the contest of 1860, it became certain it would elect its candidate. The consequence was that through the intrigues of respectable conservative gentlemen in the party, the gallant and revolutionary candidate of 1856 was supplanted by a timid conservative from the Western Prairies. The candidate was elected and called around him a cabinet composed, with one or two exceptions, of men as conservative as the President himself.

The civil war now ensued, and every consideration of policy was at once observed in the prosecution of the contest with rebellion. The Republican party having the responsibility of the administration and direction of the war thrust upon it, soon drew to its organization all that was loyal and true to the Union, and all that loved freedom and republicanism. The enthusiasm and patriotism of the people was with that party, and in course of time it crushed out armed rebellion and was called to completely reconstruct the nation in harmony with the ideas that underlay the contest upon the battlefield. Then it was that the discordant materials composing the party organization began to manifest themselves. It was soon found that radical Democrats and conservative Whigs differed materially in regard to the course necessary to be pursued towards the States in rebellion. The radical Democrats desired the enfranchisement of all loyal men, and the conservative Whigs were satisfied with the power of the nation being kept in the hands of a select portion of the people. Still the party has steadily maintained itself, and now numbers in its ranks all the progressive elements of the Republic and occupies a partially Radical position. It will soon become thoroughly Radical, or share the fate of all political organizations failing to answer the expectations of its earnest, positive adherents. The earnest, positive adherents of the Republican party to-day are radical, revolutionary and progressive in their views, and will never rest until the political organization as a party adopts their notions as articles of political faith. The Republican party can no more live the next four years without adopting as a cardinal doctrine of its faith, negro and female suffrage and the acquisition of territory, than a man can live four years without breathing the pure air of heaven.

There is one danger now threatening the Republican party almost entirely overlooked by leaders and members of Congress. That danger grows out of its course in reference to the acquisition of territory. It seems the proper committee, in the House of Representatives, having that matter in charge, have postponed until late in May the consideration of the appropriation for the purchase of Alaska, under the provisions of the Russian treaty. The Washburnes and other members of the House opposed to that and other treaties for the purchase of territory, may think they are acting wisely, but a little careful reflection will, or ought to convince them of their error.

The Republican party, as I have already stated, was, at its first formation, a mere conglomeration of political contradictions, protesting against the ultra rule of conservatism. In that organization was enlisted all that was active and generous and freedom-loving of the young American, or Manifest Destiny wing of the Democratic party. That element of the Republican party was in 1856 quite numerous and absolutely necessary to its strength and vitality. Now every well informed politician knows that element believes in the acquisition of territory as fast and rapidly as possible. That idea, next to securing the rights of suffrage to all men grown up to mature age, is with them the all important one. They will never consent to see it hereafter subordinated to any other idea or policy whatever. A party refusing to acquire territory will be deserted by them, and one that defeats a treaty of acquisition, will be treated as an enemy of Republican progress. In addition to the large element of the young American Democracy received into the Republican ranks in 1856, in 1860, '61, 62, 63 and 1864, it absorbed and gathered up all that had not hitherto identified itself with that organization, so that in the Republican party at this day is found all the manifest destiny element of the nation.

That element is strong enough to defeat the Republican party at the next election. It would only require an average change of ten votes in each township in the Union to defeat the Republican party as badly as ever a party was defeated in America. There are more than that number of voters in each township who will vote against the Republican party or any other party that makes opposition to the acquisition of Territory an article of its creed. The Universal Republican Alliance is an organization extended all over Europe and America. One article of their creed is "The Universal Republic;" the uniting under the strong banner of America in one grand Union of Free States all the nations, families and kindreds of earth. That is to-day the watchword and dream of liberalists all over earth, and the paralytic fogies of the XLth Congress will not be permitted unpunished to practice their narrow, niggardly, half-cent saving, and dollar-losing economy at the expense of the nation's growth. The American people do not believe the "United States absolutely finished and ready to be fenced in and painted." The expansion and glory of the Republic is their master passion, and no political party has yet been or will hereafter be permitted to stand in the way of its accomplishment, and no administration can maintain itself failing to make that the guiding star of Executive action. The voters of America; the men who make and unmake Presidents will never consent to the chaining down of the destiny and progress of the Republic to the insolvent footstool of superannuated, brainless politicians, incapable of comprehending the brilliant future of the nation. No party can retain the confidence of the people, and no man, not even General Grant, can be elected President on a platform of opposition to the acquisition of Territory and in favor of such a narrow, unstatesman-like retrenchment of the government expenses as to cripple and delay one year our great wealth of internal development. One year of national progress and development is more to be desired than the success of any party. If the Republican party cannot muster up courage sufficient to immediately enter upon the work of carrying the nation forward to the accomplishment of its "manifest destiny" of Republicanizing all the nations of earth, and elevating the whole human race up to the highest possible position of political, intellectual, moral and social development, a new party will be organized that will do so. The will of the people must and will be carried out in spite of the stupidity of their representatives, and the dream of the world's Democracy must and will be realized in spite of Kings, Emperors, fossilized Senators, Revolution fearing members of the House of Representatives, red tape worshipping Administrations, and cowardly party organizations.

I have written thus plainly not because I desire the defeat of the Republican organization, but to call attention to the dangers now threatening the party. I know whereof I affirm when I speak of a strong, world-wide Republican Alliance. It has now an organ published at Paris, called the United States of Europe. That alliance embraces all that is liberal and Democratic in Europe, and has the sympathy and ardent support of the enthusiastic radical element of the Republican party in America. That element has already become too powerful to be treated with slight by that party. It numbers votes enough to defend it, and the price of its support of that organization will be the adoption of its ideas of acquisition of Territory and the Republicanizing of all the nations of earth.

It will be well for our Republican friends to remember the fate of every party opposed to annexation. Not one time has a party survived a defeat or attempted defeat of a treaty of annexation, and the Republican party cannot at this late day in the age of grand, expansive, and revolutionary ideas, expect to escape the fate of all other anti-annexation parties, should it defeat the Russian and Danish Treaties. If the Washburnes and such like men are not capable of legislating for a world-wide Republic, they must give place to men who are.

The narrow-minded fellows who postponed the consideration of the appropriation for the Russian treaty have accomplished what they desired to prevent. They desired to postpone the question past the next Presidential contest. The men who believe in an aggressive Republicanism will not permit that postponement. They fear now the Republican party on that subject, which will force them to show their hands in the next contest. Some one of the Republican orders will address a letter to the candidates of the convention, and a refusal to answer will be taken as a negative answer. Not only that, but the defenders of those treaties will effect candidates for Congress. Now this may be deemed strange talk, still it is too true a description of things to be unheeded. If the Republican organization desires to maintain itself in power the next fifty years, it must become heartily and enthusiastically the party of aggression, revolution, expansion and material development. There are in that party hundreds of thousands of intelligent voters who believe the true end and aim of all American political action should be the speedy establishment of the "*Universal Republic founded upon Universal Suffrage and Universal Education.*" These voters cannot be expected to uphold a party opposed to their idea.

CHARLES E. MOSS.

THE KUK-KLUX KLAN.

OUTRAGES BY THE KLAN IN GEORGIA.

IMPORTANT ORDER BY GENERAL MEADE—THE ASHBURN ASSASSINATION THE WORK OF A SECRET POLITICAL ORGANIZATION—LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS TO BE PROTECTED—INCENDIARY WRITERS AND SPEAKERS ADMONISHED.

ATLANTA, Ga., April 4.

GEN. MEADE returned yesterday from an official tour in Southern Georgia, and to-day promulgated an important order referring to the late Ashburn assassination at Columbus. Other acts of atrocity simultaneous with the publication of incendiary articles, and the sending of threatening letters, indicate concert of action to affect the result of the election by intimidation and violence, and emanating from a secret organization. All are warned against participation in the acts of this organization, and the law-abiding are assured of protection. The General forbids the publication of anything counseling intimidation or tending to bloodshed. Newspapers containing such articles are warned that the General will stop their publication and try the offenders by military commission. Public writers and speakers are admonished to refrain from inflammatory appeals. Military commanders are authorized, when in their judgment it may seem necessary, to organize forces from among the law-abiding citizens to preserve order; the expenses attending pay and maintenance of such forces to be borne by the counties or municipalities where required. The Commanding General enjoins all good citizens to aid in the arrest and punishment of violators of this order and of law, and admonishes them that unless acts of intimidation and violence are checked and punished, bloody retaliation may be provoked, society endangered, and innocent blood shed.

ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP A REPUBLICAN MEETING.

SAVANNAH, April 5.

The Republican meeting at Valdosta, Ga., yesterday, was broken up by a band of Regulators or Ku-Klux Klan. Powder was placed under the building in which Dr. J. W. Cliff, the Republican candidate for Congress, was to speak.

MURDER OF A RADICAL—SUPPOSED BY THE KUK-KLUX.

The Columbus papers contain all the particulars of the assassination of George W. Ashburn, with the testimony given by a number of witnesses before the Coroner's inquest. Nothing is known of the identity of the parties. All that is testified to is that a body of men from twenty-five to fifty in number, all disguised, surrounded the negro boarding-house where Ashburn was lodging, broke open his door after his refusal to open it, when a number of shots were fired by a portion of the party, three of which took effect, one in the forehead, of which he instantly died, one in the *natez*, and the third in the leg. None of the witnesses could identify any of the number engaged in the transaction. The press of Columbus repudiate the idea that any respectable man in Columbus had any connection with it, and intimate that Ashburn fell by the hands of enemies in his own party. The Mayor has offered a reward of $500 for the discovery of the murderers.

TENNESSEE.

KUK-KLUX OUTRAGES IN MAURY COUNTY.

NASHVILLE, April 3.

Last Wednesday an ex-Federal soldier named Graham, well-known in Nashville, was driven out of Mount Pleasant County, Tenn., by a Kuk-Klux mob. He had gone to the place with a view of securing employment as a teacher. While at the Post-Office he was surrounded by a gang of fifteen or twenty armed Rebels, who demanded to know where he was from, and what was his business. He politely and frankly answered the questions, when he was told that they had determined that no d—d Yankee who had fought against the South during the war should live in Mount Pleasant, and he must, on pain of death, leave the place within five minutes. He was followed three miles from the town, and cursed, tantalized, and repeatedly threatened with instant death. The mob was headed by Nixon, the town constable, who claimed to have ninety men under his command, who would swear that no Radical Yankees should settle within his lines. Mr. Graham returned to this city yesterday.

OUTRAGE BY THE KUK-KLUX UPON A PEACEABLE CITIZEN.

From the Nashville Press and Times.

A man named Pat. Haney, living near Waverley, on the Nashville and North-Western Railroad, in the early part of the Rebellion, was persecuted for his Union sentiments so much that he had to fly from his home in the dead of night, and walk barefooted all the way to Nashville. He remained here in the Government employ until everything appeared quiet and safe, when he took his family out again to his little farm to pursue his old life of rural industry, as he fondly hoped, in peace. But his Unionism was not forgotten; the services he rendered the government in his humble way were noted down against him. His patriotism was remembered with feelings of hate and a desire to punish. The hatchet was not buried. Some time ago a mysterious document was left at his house by a troupe of masked cavaliers. The document bore a cross-bone and a death's head, and other mortuary hieroglyphics, and contained a peremptory notice to leave. Being a brave man himself, and believing in the power of the law to afford him all just protection in his person and property, he discarded the notice and continued his occupation as usual. About ten days ago he was visited again by another and larger body of scoundrels, who dragged him out of his house about 11 o'clock at night, and carried him off about three miles, to a creek, in which they dragged him up and down until he was almost dead. His hips and knees are horribly bruised and cut. His hair and beard were plucked out by the roots. He was kicked and beaten horribly, and finally left on the edge of the creek, not able to move or speak. He was found the next evening by his wife and her little boy, who had been wandering over the country all day, distractedly looking for him. He is now suffering from a raging fever, superinduced by the barbarous treatment he received at the hands of ruffians too base to live in civilized society.

ALABAMA.

VARIOUS OUTRAGES REPORTED.

The Montgomery (Ala.) *Sentinel*, says: Some days ago a gang of Kuk-Klux left documents at the house of Patrick Haney, a loyal man living near Waverley, Tenn., warning him to leave the country, but he paid no attention to the notice, and went on with his work. Subsequently a large company of men, disguised and armed, dragged him out of his house about midnight, carried him to a creek about three miles distant, tied a rope round his neck and dragged him up and down the creek, pulled out his hair and beard, kicked and whipped him, and left him lying insensible in the woods. He was found the following evening, by his wife, in a most horrible condition.

We are trustworthily informed by a party just from Tuscaloosa, that Mr. Randolph, editor of The *Monitor*, has just murdered a freedman with a bowie-knife. We expected as much from the blood-thirsty articles in that atrocious rebel sheet. Now what will the military authorities do in this case? We have full confidence in General Sheppard, and hope that he will speedily investigate the matter, and bring the guilty party to immediate punishment by a military commission. If turned over to the civil authorities, escape from proper punishment may be considered a foregone conclusion.

Mr. Allen A. Williams, colored register, informs us that he was taken out by a portion of the Kuk-Klux Klan, of Tuscaloosa, a few days ago, who outraged his person in an infamous manner. He bears numerous marks of their treatment, and is in this city, where he has made a proper representation to General Sheppard. In their flight the Kuk-Klux left several of their sheets.

ORIGIN OF THE KLAN.

INTEREST IN THE ORGANIZATION DYING OUT.

From the Nashville Press and Times.

We are informed by a gentleman, who has the very best opportunities for knowing, that the Kuk-Klux Klan was conceived and organized in the City of New York by well-known Tennessee Conservatives. It was first put into practical working in the town of Pulaski, and was in full play there some months since, at the time of the riot, which was examined into and reported upon by Captain Walsh of the Freedmen's Bureau. After that it spread rapidly, and became very popular among the young men of the State of rebel proclivities. Of the outrages which were perpetrated by this secret organization the public, and especially our readers, are fully aware. Throughout several counties of the State the colored people led a life of constant dread, and not without foundation. They were assaulted in their cabins; sometimes taken out into the fields and beaten, or made to swear solemnly that they would never again vote the Republican ticket; indeed, the leaders of the conclave seemed to hesitate at nothing which afforded promise of terrifying the colored people and keeping them from the ballot-box. With their own achievements they also combined actual theft, and have, in several counties, stolen from the colored people any guns or pistols which they chanced to have in their possession.

Since the killing of the man Blair at or near McWhirtersville, while on a Kuk-Klux raid one night, there has been, throughout Middle Tennessee, a wonderful falling off in the number of midnight expeditions. The members of the conclave are men who do not court danger. As long as they could ride about the neighborhood masked, pull negroes from their beds, terrify and abuse them with impunity, they were ready to prowl about the country almost every night with a couple of navy revolvers strapped to their side, and with the swagger of banditti in all their movements. As soon, however, as they became convinced through the death of one of their number and the rough usage sustained by one or two others that there was danger in the business, in regard to popularity, it has fallen to a discount. The approach too, of the busy season with farmers and planters, and the fact that many of the chivalry will be compelled to hold the plow or perhaps attend to some other honest and laborious business, will go far to quench out the Kuk-Klux spirit, at least for the present. Doubtless, however, it will break out afresh next Fall on the approach of the Presidential election. Meanwhile, comparatively quiet times may be expected. The agent of the Freedmen's Bureau at Pulaski, the place where the society first organized, reports that everything has been quiet in the county for some time past; in short, the Kuk-Klux have made no demonstrations for a fortnight at least. We doubt not that the novelty has to a great extent worn off there, and it would certainly be quite remarkable if the society could keep up unflagged its interest in a style of proceedings which promise shortly to become dangerous.

From the Richmond Examiner.

It is now very evident that this "Kuk-Klux Klan" is not a meaningless Merry-Andrew organization, but that under its cap and bells it hides a purpose as resolute, noble, and heroic as that which Brutus concealed beneath the mask of well-dissembled idiotic. It is rapidly organizing wherever the insolent negro, the malignant white traitor to his race, and the infamous squatter are plotting to make the South utterly unfit for the residence of the decent white man. It promises, we hope, to bring into the field for the defence of our lives, liberty, and property hundreds of thousands of those heroic men who have been tried and indurated by the perils, dangers and sufferings of military service. It is, no doubt, an organization which is thoroughly loyal to the Federal Constitution, but which will not permit the people of the South to become the victims of negro rule. It is purely defensive, and for the protection of the white race, and has been rendered necessary by the organization of thousands of secret negro leagues, whose members have been stimulated to carry out the work of disfranchisement of the whites by the promise of pillage and wholesale confiscation.

If such is the purpose and real object of the new secret society which is so rapidly increasing in numbers in Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, and the othern Southern States, it will arrest the progress of that secret negro conspiracy which has for its object the establishment of negro domination.

The first duty of a people whose liberty and property are menaced as ours are by abandoned apostates, greedy squatters, and insolent negroes, is to organize with such promptitude and stern resolution as to strike terror into the guilty souls of the secret negro societies and their delegates in the "Convention," and the next will be a lesson to these criminals which will teach them that the men who have for nearly four years defied the armies of a powerful Government will not submit to political outlawry and negro and squatter domination, and to dishonor and degradation in a hundred loathsome forms, in a State which they have made famous by their great and many virtues, and where the white race has reigned supreme since it was wrested from the hands of a people superior in every brave and manly quality to those which God has branded with marks of intellectual and physical inferiority to all other races of men. We prefer an open organization like that which exists in this State, to any other; but whether secret or open, that form of organization which will most effectually protect the white men of Virginia and of the South, and prevent negro rule and defeat the designs of the bummers and squatters, is the one which will most commend itself to our approval. And if secret organizations, formed to sustain the Constitution and restore peace and order, and suppress violence, wrong, and outrage, shall be preferred by the people of Virginia to any other, the lawless adventurers and vile emissaries who have kindled the baleful fires of incendiarism, negro hate, and a war of races in 800 secret oath-bound negro leagues in this State, will have no right to complain.

NASBY—THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

HOW A PLANTATION MANAGED AFTER THE STYLE OF 1860 LOOKS IN 1868—MR NASBY FINDS SUCH AN ONE AND REPORTS THEREON.

From the Toledo Blade.

POST OFFIS, CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,)
March 30, 1868.

On my return from the ornery and cussid State uv Michigan, I fell into a state uv despondency from which I found it difficult to recover. The horrors uv stayin in a community totelly unused to the exhilerashun uv the flowin bole, totelly impervious to the soothin inflooence uv the flooids wich we in Kentucky eggist onto, and where the Dimocrisy are in a hopelis minority, made reason totter onto her throne, and intelleck to reel in a highly rediculous manner. To dissipate the impression, I borrered Bascom's mule and Deekin Pogram's saddle-bags, and fillin the first with oats, and the latter with a loaf uv bread and a gallon uv whiskey, madly plunged orf into the interior uv the State, that I mite in rooral solitoodes give full vent to the melancolly that opprest me.

Two days' travel up the mountins brot me to the most interiorest county uv the State. Remote from railroads, off uv the stage lines, and not within several days journey uv telegraffs, it wuz trooly a Arcajen spot. Here wuz the log cabin in its primitive simplicity—here wuz streems onto wich there wuz no mills—here wuz roads without no fences—here wuz women without no hoops.

Ridin along, musin onto the quiet beauty uv the landscape, I heered a swingin, swishin sound a whislin thro the air; a dull, heavy thud, and then! oh joy! a shreek! I wuz in a wood, but there wuz a cleerin beyond, and from that cleerin the sound perceeded.

Puttin spurs to my steed, or, ruther, to get down from the elegancies uv descriptive writin to actooal fact, thumpin Bascom's mule over the head with the club I carried, I soon emerged from the forest and beheld a sceen wich made my heart leep for joy. There wuz a house—nigger quarters—a whippin-post—and, Good Hevins, that I shood be so blest—a nigger tied to it and a vigorus old man uv sixty, with a broad brimmed hat and a pious look, a layin it to him good!

Wuz I awake or was I dreamin! Is these reel or wuz I the victim uv some pleasant hallucinashen! Dismountin, I rushed up to him and fell onto his neck. "Now," sed I in extacy, "let thy servant depart in peece!"

Shakin me orf and continyooin cooly till he hed reeched thirty lashes, the old gentleman bade two niggers standin by to untie him, take him to his quarters and rub his delitefully lasserated back with salt and water, and turnin he exclaimed, "who in blazes are you?"

"O speek them words agin!" sed I, strikin a attitood, "I've bin in Michigan, and them words is music to me!"

"Well—who in thunder are yoo?"

"A Dimocrat—a ante-war Dimocrat—wich owned niggers (this wuz a lie thrown in for effeck), but they've bin taken from me by a crooel tyranny. To see you, a troo Sutherner, handlin uv em in the troo Suthern style, quite onmans me. Speek! how hev yoo managed it?"

Slowly rollin over his quid, in a quiet and contemplativ manner, he asked me to the house. On the piazzer wich fronted it, we sat down, and he told me these:

His name wuz Rasper. He knowed uv the Emancipashen Proclamashen, but he hed kept it keerfully from his niggers, ez hed all the planters in the deestrik. Determined that solely for the good uv the helplis niggers one sekshun uv Kentucky shood be held sakrid—that her old, time-honored institooshens shood be maintained at least in one place, he hed held em all in the same condishen ez before the war. The nabors for ten miles square hed organized a league, and hed swore a sollem oath to keep their niggers likewise—to shoot at sight all uv em wich attempted to run away or even to communicate with other niggers, and that by drawin a cordon, as it wuz, around em, they had been kept in a state uv tollable subjeckshen. It cost em ten or fifteen times ez much to keep em ez the niggers made, but wat uv that? Kentucky wood never give up her niggers or Democrisy, and in one spot, sekloded tho it wuz, they were determined to hev a troo sample uv both.

At this pint the son uv my host rode up onto a gray geldin from another plantashen wich the old man owned six miles away.

"Ha! John," said my venerable frend, "how is things over the Run."

"All's well, dad," sed he.

"Hez Joolius got suffishently over bein chawd by the dorgs to do his regler work?"

"I thot so. He played orf a little while this mornin; but we catted him till he wuz willin to give up his obstinacy and go at it. He's doin' his average."

"Hez Ceezer got well uv that charge uv buckshot?"

"Ceezer, no! he died. He tuk cold in the leg and it mortified."

"Jest my luck! He wuz the best hand I hed on the place. O! my friend, observe the effeck in a hasty temper! He give me too much uv his lip, I put a charge uv shot into him, and now he aint wuth the powder that druv the shot. Oh, how hev I wrastled with that ungovernable temper uv mine! Hez that stranger up the Run bin looked after?"

"Yes. Me and Tim Duggins 'spected him uv bein a emissery, ez he took a noosepaper and his wife hed bin seen combin her hair, and we inquisited him. He took the Noo York *Triboon*, and a party uv us gave him ten minits to git out. Ez he didn't git out, we shot him. His family is still on the place, but they will probably leeve soon, ez we shel burn the cabin down to-morrer."

"How is Kitty?"

"I cooden't do much with her. Sence her baby wuz born she hez never bin wuth much, and to git shet of her, I traded her off to Simpson, on the East Branch, for a bay mare uv hizzen and a bull pup. He stumped me to play seven-up, best three in five, for the lot, and I lost. The baby haz a strong, healthy look, and I give it over to big Lize to bring up by hand. Simpson sold Kitty to Ambrose, off on the West Branch, and she wuz carried over ther yesterday."

"Well, come in. Its well nigh nite. Come in to supper."

We hed supper, and afterwerds prayers, and after that cut-throat loo for dollar stakes.

The next day wuz Sundy, and a most happy Sundy it wuz for me. The preecher supported by the happy flock wuz of the reel stock, wich is onfortunitly goin out. His sermon in the mornin wuz a most movin disquisischen on the cuss ov Ham, inkulkatin the grate trooth that niggers wuz created from the beginnin for the sole purpose uv bein the servants uv the son uv Japheth, and, incidentally, he wove in a most concloosive defence uv the evangelicity uv ketchin niggers with dorgs. To the master he recommended justis, tempered with sich Christian forbearance ez he felt he could afford—to the servant entire submission, ez it wuz the will uv the Lord. Ez the old man wuz in his perorashen, ther wuz heerd up the swamp the sound uv dorgs. The yelp in the distance, ez faint ez the whisper uv a mother, grew neerer and neerer, ontil the melojus voice uv the whole pack wuz a chimin in our ears. The preecher stopt and prickt op his eers, ez did every one in the congregashen. The report uv a rifle wuz heerd, and a shreek follered it.

"Be quiet!" sed the good old man. "It's nothin. Perkinses man John run away last Thursday, and this mornin Perkins started out after him with Bustin's dorgs. It's all over now, and yoo kin render Perkins no assistance. That shot finisht the desprit man, and the dorgs are by this time on to him. O, why will these perverse spirits try us so? Why will they run off and make the ketchin uv em even on the Sabbath a work uv necessity and mercy?"

Just then a fresh yelp from the hounds showed that the preecher wuz wrong. The nigger hed not bin hit, but hed played possum and hed started for a fresh run. The congregashen started for the door, and in a minnit they were out pell mell, surroundin the clump uv woods into wich he hed taken refuge. In a few minnits the dorgs chased him out, and a revolver shot laid him a cold corpse. Peacefly they returned to the church where the paster, his cheeks glowin with the exercise, pronounced the benedickshen, and the congregashen separated.

Gladly wood I hev stayed there, but it wuz impossible. For me the conflick—I am needed where there is fightin to do. The next day I borrowed seventeen dollars uv my kind entertainer and rode away, feeling that one day thus spent would compensate me for all I endoored among the Michigan scoffers. Wood ther were more sich oasises.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.,
(Wich is Postmaster.)

SENTIMENT IN THE SOUTH.

OBSERVATIONS OF A BROOKLYN MAN.

RALEIGH, N. C., April 7.

To the Editor of the Union:

A TRIP into the Southern States is good tonic for feeble Republicans. The political contest is very exciting—the Radicals in favor of adopting the new Constitutions, the Democrats for rejecting them. Singular as it may seem, they have also in this State a complete ticket in the field, and are trying to secure colored voters. At Wilmington and Goldsboro the rebel sentiment is bold and bitter, rejoicing in the doings of the K. K. K.'s—an organization similar to the Know Nothings, only with worse ends.

They aim to intimidate the colored vote, and thus defeat the adoption of the Constitution. I attended a mass meeting in this city last evening in the Town Hall, composed of all shades, presided over by a very intelligent and esteemed ex-slaveholder, and addressed by Gov. Holden, Gen. Littlefield, and others. Good order and close attention prevailed till a late hour. I think this State will be in working order in thirty days. Yesterday I attended the Constitutional Convention at Richmond, Va. The delegates are composed of all shades, and it was amusing to see the tactics of our fellow-citizens of African descent. One of the F. F. V.s would have to give place to Sambo, who arose "to a point of order," and Sambo would hardly be seated e'r Cato would "rise to a question of *priveledge*"—and yet Sambo's point and Cato's question would be well put and sustained. I was surprised to see so much harmony in the Convention, for the State is very bitter against the d—d Yanks. You hear that expression in hotels and on the corners, and I have heard a member of the Convention use it in the hotel, and boast of his being a K. K. K. Like our Brooklyn copperheads, the Democrats here are very much afraid of social equality, which consists of "your daughter marrying a negro"—nothing said about your son marrying anybody; queer. But it is a sorry sight to go through these States and witness the destitution and poverty caused by the war. The innocent are suffering—the children—'Twould make your heart ache. I would like to scatter millions for their relief. My next stop is Petersburg.

Yours, CARPET BAG.

—*Brooklyn Union.*

MURDER OF COL. ASHBURN OF GEORGIA.

THE murder of G. W. Ashburn, at Columbus, on Monday night of last week, is a peculiar significant event, as giving a certain insight into the desperate nature of the Kuk-Klux Klan. At midnight, somewhat more than thirty men, disguised with masks and various spectral devices, surrounded Mr. Ashburn's lodgings, broke open the rear and front doors, and proceeded to his room. He had a pistol in his hand, but was prevented from using it by the sudden assault, ten or twelve shots being rapidly fired at him, three of them with fatal effect. He received one ball between the eyes, one below the hip from the rear, and one in the mouth, ranging upward, this last being probably fired after he had fallen, in needless brutality. Only five of the masked gang were in the actual murder, the rest guarding the house, and during the deed no police appeared, and the assassins departed unmolested. Mr. Ashburn was one of the few original and unflinching Southern loyalists, and served in the Federal army during the war, leaving it with the rank of Colonel. He returned as an uncompromising supporter of the Congressional measures, and was a member of the late Constitutional Convention held at Atlanta. Considerable discrepancy exists in various views of his character, some accounts lauding him as little short of a saint, and others vaguely hinting at faults which his death forbids dwelling upon, in so awful a way as to suggest the other extreme. Without question, the deed was a cowardly assassination, and evinces plainly that that the Kuk-Klux Klan aims at higher positions than the ignorant negro slave or poor white occupy. The Columbus *Sun* was filled for some days before with boasts of the arrival there of this organization, and threats of "woe to the degenerate," with profusion of headings, italics, and the like points of emphasis. Such words as these: "Something terrible floats on the breeze, and in the dim silences are heard solemn whispers, dire imprecations against the false ones who have proved recreant to their faith and country," were more than surmises; they prove certain foreknowledge of this and similar deeds, and thoroughly justify the strong severity of military interference.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

THE ACTUAL STATE OF FEELING, AS ASCERTAINED BY A TWO MONTHS TRIP THROUGH THE SOUTH. —A CANDID SUMMING UP.

Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.

CINCINNATI, March 16 1868.

FOR two months I have been journeying in the unreconstructed States. I have swung around the circle through Louisville, Memphis, Jackson, Miss., New Orleans, Mobile, Montgomery, Atlanta, Augusta, Savannah, Charleston, Raleigh and Richmond, and have written my impressions from day to day, nothing extenuating or setting aught down in malice. I think I have gathered my facts with an impartial eye, and used them with a cautious pen. In previous letters I described many scenes and events that carried their own lessons. I sketched six of the Southern constitutional conventions, and in reading over those sketches in print, with a matured experience, I find no word to blot. In this letter (which shall have the double merit of being the last and the shortest), I simply desire to express in as few words as possible the convictions that have resulted from a varied contact with Southern sentiment, as it exists to-day.

Of the industrial condition of the Southern States, I have said everything that is to say. That section will do all that can be hoped for, if it raises enough this year to feed itself. The new system of labor is seeking its levels. Agriculture there is in a transition state. The plantation is going out, and the farm must come in. Ten years hence the Southerner will be cultivating a hundred acres instead of scratching over a thousand on borrowed money and un-paid-for provisions.

If any Republican discovers his silver plating getting thin, let him take a two months' Southern journey. A thoughtful and observant man will find himself newly electrotyped in the party faith that swept away secession and slavery, and which, if true to itself, will expand and ennoble by statesmanship what it so steadfastly helped to save by the sword.

In three or four letters, I grumbled at the indiscretions of Congress, but all the while, the Southern people and newspapers were treating my moderate Republicanism with tonics. Six months down there, I fear, would have made me a Radical.

The Southerners conceive that they did nothing particularly wrong in the part they took in the drama of the rebellion. They feel no repentance, and no regret, unless it be for failure. This may be human nature; well, it is human nature not to let them govern the country again. They have a fond hope that through Andrew Johnson and the Democratic party (both of whom they secretly despise) they will be floated into supreme authority, as of old. It is strange that they can so delude

themselves, but such is the fact. "The North comes," said Charles Sumner before the war. The North has come with a vengeance. It grows by emigration 1,000 a day. How much does the South grow? In what manner are the new colored citizens to be disfranchised and degraded when Davis, Lee, Toombs, Breckinridge and the rest resume control of the government? The Southern whip used to have secession for a snapper. What will the new thong be? It was formerly the fashion to let rebels build hostile earthworks right under the inoffensive noses of national forts. Is the same considerate policy assured for the future?

These queries may seem childish, but I am speaking of the childish Southern weakness to comprehend that their minority may not again wave the old imperial wand over the toiling and patient masses. They think their star is only in eclipse. We must be resolute, and teach them that it has set forever. That lesson well learned, they will begin to be desirable citizens.

The freedmen have surprised me by their native shrewdness and good sense, their cautious and submissive behavior, and the keen, intelligent interest they take in their new political privileges. If they were one-tenth as vindictive and contemptuous in their manner toward the whites as the whites toward them, a war of races would have been long ago. From close observation I believe them to be humbler in deportment than before emancipation. As a class they are anxious to work and get on in the world. They are more industrious than their late masters. And though the word has been abused, they are as *loyal* to the government as it is possible for men of their capacities to be. They would respond to a national summons to arms with alacrity and enthusiasm. By their votes in the various conventions they have shown that they feel no hatred toward their old oppressors, and ask nothing beyond security for the future.

Scratch a Southerner and you find an intolerant.

He is not willing to have you vote as your conscience dictates. Defy his local despotisms and you will be socially ostracised, your name will be published in a black-list, you will be sneered at and insulted. If you are a Northern man, acquire citizenship by the legal period of residence, and get nominated to office, you will be ridiculed as a Yankee adventurer—a "carpet bagger." Witness the Alabama election in February—witness the Southern newspaper treatment of all the constitutional conventions.

How about Southern loyalty?

About three-fourths of the Southern people are passively disloyal. Could it be otherwise? For four years they rained death on the national flag and national uniform. They shot at and cursed them. In every church in the confederacy they prayed and supplicated with fervor and with tears to have them go down in disgrace. Can it be that their gorge does not rise now at their sight?

On the boat coming up the Potomac from Aquia Creek, I heard a Southerner confess that though he tried to subdue the emotion, he still felt a hatred of the stars and stripes. He had fought under Lee from first to last, and during that time had seen the flag so often in battle, when the Army of the Potomac swept down upon him and his companions in arms, that he feared he would never again be able to look upon it as *his* flag.

The dominant class in the South never was republican in traits, tastes, or habits. The revolution now going on in its industries and system of labor tends to make it so, but as long as this generation lives the change cannot be complete. The Southern man and woman still deem themselves a better order of beings than the Yankees. They will die in that faith. The vanity is ingrain.

I have been astonished to find how generally the Southerners believe the North to be on the verge of civil convulsion. Reading only their own newspapers and the most violent Copperhead journals published in the North, they are firmly convinced that nothing is more likely to happen than the embroilment of the Western with the Middle and New England States. This delusion is shared by thousands of the most intelligent men in the South. That they would delight in such a calamity is as certain as the fact that the next gale that sweeps from the North will *not* take to them "the clash of resounding arms." They do not understand the elastic temper and wholesome tolerance of the North, where elections come and go, crises ripen and decline, with no thought of bloodshed, nor black lists, nor social disdain, contempt and persecution.

The Southerner is generous in some things, and honorable in many; but he is not yet a good citizen for a republic. That is the whole trouble. He must be made so, or stand back for his children. He needs a firm, resolute guidance—not unkindly, unless he will have it so—but firm, always firm. The moment we waver, he wavers. When he fully and finally understands that his old undue political importance irrevocably a thing of the past, he will take the first step on the road to valuable citizenship. But between Andrew Johnson and the "Great Democratic reaction" he has come to believe in the speedy overthrow of the Republican party, and in the restoration of the slave dynasty to reign over a dominant party, composed of Southern extremists and Northern doughfaces.

The South to-day is not divided into parties, unless it be the white vs. black. The whites do not call themselves Democrats, though they pray for the success of that party, in the reasonable hope that its triumphs will again commit it and the country to their malignant control.

Such a political revolution would be a horror, beside which oppressive taxation and Congressional excesses (if either exist or have been committed) count as nothing. Weighed against that contingency, impeachment is but a feather in the scale. The South has deceived and well nigh ruined us once. That was their fault. If they do it again, it will be ours.

Before starting South I thought I should vote the Republican ticket. Now, I know it. Whatever the moral of this "Southern Journey" has been to such of your readers as have followed it, the moral to me is an exalted faith in the Republican party, and a profound, uncompromising distrust of Southern character and Southern sentiment. A prominent Alabamian assured me that the rebels were crushed because they fought against God. Yes, and they are fighting against God to-day.

J. W. M.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL FOR COLORED CHILDREN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 12, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

PERHAPS a letter in regard to the colored schools here in Washington will not be without some interest to you.

Any attempt that is made to elevate or educate the colored race is considered by many unprejudiced people to be fruitless. Having no interest in them and no feeling for them it is not to be expected otherwise. That they are intellectually inferior, inappreciative and indolent, they have no doubt. Contenting themselves with this idea, many benevolently-disposed persons are loth to aid, or inquire into their condition. A visit to the colored schools would soon dispel such fallacies and inspire hope and encouragement in those charitably inclined and willing to aid in the good work of regenerating and lifting up this afflicted and down-trodden people.

I confess I was surprised when making my first visit to the colored schools here in Washington, I found them earnestly engaged in their studies, determined to succeed, and accomplish all that their more fortunate white brothers and sisters have accomplished. I did not suppose they possessed so much ability and aptitude. Many were neatly dressed, and all were orderly and well behaved. Pleasant, well appointed school rooms, and kind, sensible teachers, who have their cause at heart, and will do all in their power to assist them in their progress. They who see only stupidity, indolence and inferiority, are dim of vision or blinded and overcome by their prejudices.

As the street car in which I was seated stopped at the corner of the street, a pleasant little lady alighted and was immediately greeted by a chorus of happy children's voices; gladdened by her presence they could not restrain their joy and shouts of welcome. It proved to be a teacher of the colored school in that vicinity, whose pupils so gladly awaited her coming. "How disgusting!" "Horrible!" "Those niggers!" and "Who is she, any how?" with various other remarks by the passengers of the car who, in all probability, have lived in vain. Noble lady! May God be with you in your good work.

There are forty-one teachers employed by trustees of colored schools, and sixteen by Northern benevolent associations. There are eleven grammar schools, ten intermediate, eleven secondary, eighteen primary, and six ungraded. The total number of pupils during the month of March was 3,137.

I was greatly interestod in the evening schools. There I found children and adults of both sexes, the majority of them over twenty years of age, all hard at work, endeavoring to make the most of their allotted time, from seven o'clock until nine every evening, coming to school after their day's labor "out in service, is ended, trying to master a few sentences. As one assured me when I remarked, "It is rather a short lesson to come so far to recite." "It is better than nothing. I got nobody to show me out in service, so I have to come to learn how to say the words:" How much good might be accomplished would ladies spend only a tithe of the time now expended in less worthy pursuits, in instructing their colored servants and assisting them to acquire at least the rudiments of education, when the capability evinced for knowledge is so encouraging.

If the noble ladies and gentlemen of the liberal churches here, who have so benevolently volunteered their services—combatting with the prejudices and scorn of the many less charitably disposed—to teach these poor emancipated people, can turn out as they have during the past winter, through storm and sleet, mud and wet, cannot those who have comfortable homes and can afford to keep a servant, afford also from ten to twenty minutes each day for instruction. You have servants that can neither read nor write; try it, and see how blessed you will become. Surely the end will justify the means, at least you will enjoy the rich reward—the sweet consciousness of duty done. The path of duty is so plainly marked that none can be deceived. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did unto me."

I assisted one child through his lessons, when it was finished, noticing his unclean hands, I said kindly to him: "Have you any soap and water at your house?" "Yes," he replied, looking inquiringly at me, then at his hands. "Well, hereafter will you not try to come with clean hands?" Yes, he would. When calling some evenings after, I took occasion to speak to my little pupil, when the first thing he did was to spit upon his hands and quickly rubbed them together, and wiping them upon his knees, looking up, he asked: "Please, ma'am, can I go now, I've read, and I haint had my supper yet?" His teacher insisting upon punctuality, he would obey at the risk of losing his supper.

The night pupils are taught to read and write, with the simple rules of arithmetic and general outlines of geography. There are twenty teachers employed in the fourteen evening schools, with an average attendance of five hundred. I am told that considerable apprehension is felt lest not only these, but the day schools also, will have to be suspended, owing to the perversity of the municipal authorities in withholding funds due the colored schools. It is to be hoped that this matter may be speedily settled to the satisfaction of all concerned, especially so in regard to the scholars, who are earnestly endeavoring to acquire education and to improve their condition.

S. A. H.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868.

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society invite its members and friends to assemble at Steinway Hall, New York, on Wednesday, May 13, at 10½ o'clock a.m., for its Thirty-fifth Annual Meeting.

It is hoped that by the day named for this meeting the government will be again in the hands of loyal men—that Treason will have been thrust from the White House and Loyalty will preside there. Then may we expect to see fitting measures adopted, not only to set up suitable political institutions in the lately rebel States, but also to establish free schools; to protect the negro, furnish him land, and guarantee to him forever his liberty and his vote; to shield the loyal white man from insult and death; to protect capital, and encourage throughout those States the enterprise, the business energy, and the industrial activity which are indispensable to their thorough and permanent reconstruction. Then, too, may we hope to see initiated those changes in the laws of Northern States which are needed for the colored race and for the peace of the Union.

All these matters have, directly or indirectly, a large influence on our cause. On such of them as directly and closely concern us, it becomes the Abolitionists to record their judgment and utter their testimony—doing all that in them lies to press these points on the conscience of the Nation, and to secure immediate attention to them; as well as to obtain for their clients—the negro race—the most complete political equality and the most absolute guaranty possible for its continuance.

We earnestly urge all friends of the Society to be present and aid in its deliberations.

[The names of speakers and other particulars will be announced hereafter.]

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *President.*

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, AARON M. POWELL, } *Secretaries.*

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

THE "vexed question" of the negro's rights must be debated in at least one more Presidential canvass. This ought to be, and may easily be made, the last. The negro will go to Chicago in person, we trust, as well as by representatives, and demand equal rights in every State of the Union.

Of the copperhead Democratic party he can expect nothing but vituperation and abuse. His political status is not yet definitely fixed, and while there remains an opportunity to still further proscribe and ostracise him, the whiskey-drinking, negro-hating rank-and-file of the Democracy will continue to curse the "nagur," and to proclaim him unequal to themselves in the scale of manhood. It is true the Wade Hampton Democrats of South Carolina avow their purpose to protect him (as the spider into his parlor invited the fly), and their willingness to have him vote under damaging restrictions, such as they do not at all propose to apply to white men. But imagine the so-called Democrats of this city supporting negro suffrage, while it can be kept an open question, even with the invidious restrictive qualifications of education and property. As well expect to catch larks ere the sky falls! The trump card for the copperhead party in the pending campaign will, in their own estimation, and we fear with too much truth, be the mean and hateful prejudice against color. This prejudice still taints many men of both parties. It was born of the presence of slavery. It remains to blind the political vision of men and to hinder a true reconstruction. The spurious Democratic party is its special hotbed and nursery. They are of the copperhead Democratic persuasion who, we are told, still continue occasionally to sell women upon the auction block, "as a punishment for crime," in Kentucky and elsewhere; who at the South terrify by the wholesale and frequently murder unoffending blacks, through fiendish "Kuk-Klux," and other diabolical agencies; and who intimidate, and assassinate loyal whites, as in the case of Col. Ashburn, numerous officers of the Freedmen's Bureau, and others. Their party cry is "This is a white man's government," "ours is a white man's party." This party, therefore, will leave no stone unturned in the ensuing campaign to gain possession of the Federal government by the election of a President and members of the next succeeding Congress, preliminary to a repeal of all anti-slavery legislation, a revival of slavery in fact, if not in name, and unlimited proscription and persecution of the colored race.

The experiment of reconstruction at the South, with negro suffrage under military protection while the experiment continues, was initiated by Republicans. Upon Republicans will devolve the responsibility of completing the enfranchisement which is yet but partial. No reconstruction at the South will be safe and enduring which does not give the negro a national guarantee that he shall not be deprived of the ballot under the shield of "State Sovereignty" after reconstruction has been pronounced finished. Nor should the invidious distinctions now made against the blacks in the North be longer allowed to continue. If it is right for the colored men of the South to vote under the protection of the strong arm of the National government, then should Congress at once enfranchise the colored men of the North. Let the thousands of colored men scattered as a minority through the Northern States, and now, for the most part, disfranchised, be immediately recognized by the Fortieth Congress as lawful and competent voters in the next Presidential and Congressional elections. This much Congress may clearly do at once. Not only will justice thus be done to those enfranchised, but more than one doubtful District will thus be judiciously strengthened to return a Radical candidate to the House. To exorcise entirely the lingering spirit of slavery from the sphere of politics, an amendment of the Federal Constitution should be proposed, and sent to all the States for ratification, forbidding any distinction in any State, among its citizens, who are also citizens of the United States, on account of color.

This ground the Chicago Convention, by unequivocal resolution, and equally unequivocal candidates, should cover. Does Grant stand in the way? Put him aside. That his name is not the talisman which it has been claimed to be by the New York *Times*, and by "conservative" Republicans generally, has had recent demonstration in Connecticut. Of WADE there would be little doubt. We assume that he will shortly be President. Why need he be swapped for a doubtful man for the next term?

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Thirty-fifth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in this city, as elsewhere announced, on Wednesday, the thirteenth of May. We refer to it now to urge the members and friends of the Society who reside at a distance to make timely arrangements to be present in as large numbers as may be practicable. Among those who will address the meeting will be WENDELL PHILLIPS, COL. T. W. HIGGINSON, REV. JOHN T. SARGENT, WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, and others whose names will be hereafter mentioned. A business meeting will be held on Thursday, the fourteenth.

The results which have attended the Anti-Slavery agitation have indeed been wonderful, and the victories so far achieved most gratifying. Never had a people a more signal and striking illustration of the value of faithful and persistent moral agitation than the American Abolitionists. Always numerically insignificant, and struggling for what seemed, to the superficial observer, a forlorn hope, they have been mighty through righteousness of purpose. Greatly cheering as are the results already gained, all has not however yet been won. Unjust proscription on account of color still dominates in the Constitutions and laws of most of the Northern States, while at the South, reconstruction, during the preliminary process of which only the ballot is guaranteed to the freedmen, is as yet but an experiment. Copperhead Democrats now as hitherto are swift to oppose and thwart, as in Michigan, Ohio and Connecticut, all efforts to enfranchise the colored people upon equal terms with the whites. The Republicans, many of them tainted with negro hatred, and many others preparing to put off the question of suffrage for the negro to "a more convenient season," that they may take Grant as their candidate for the presidency, cannot be relied upon to withstand party temptation and to defend in any and every emergency the but partially secured rights of the victim race. The popular churches and clergy are for the greater part satisfied now as formerly to "preach Christ and him crucified," and leave the hated and proscribed blacks to be daily crucified by the relentless prejudices of a godless religion, and the heartlessness, and selfishness of "conservative" politics. The benevolent Freedman's Associations, which do well in their work of education, providing clothing, etc., do not attempt the necessary and critical function which has always been and still is left to Abolitionists, in relation to the derelictions of churches, the clergy and politicians of all parties, to the end that the general public opinion of the nation may be regenerated, enlightened and finally crystallized in just and impartial legislation for the colored people.

To this work of correcting and directing public opinion, speaking the unwelcome truth of men and measures when others falter, Abolitionists must continue to dedicate themselves, until the invidious word "white" has no place in the Constitution or upon the statute-books of either the National or State governments. Let, then, all who can come to the approaching Annual Meeting to counsel and prepare for the work yet to be accomplished.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE IMPEACHMENT trial presents little of special interest beyond what is narrated by our Washington correspondent. The opening for the defence, by Mr. Curtis, has strengthened the President's cause very little; and it has also derived little help from the testimony since offered. There are some misgivings about the final action of sundry Senators, who are not above suspicion; but the case, as a matter of right for the people against a usurping Executive, is so clear, and supported, as it is, by a most pressing party necessity, a conviction, we think, is well nigh certain. The case has thus far been conducted with marked ability by Gen. Butler and his associate Managers. It is probable that the trial will be concluded by the 25th inst.

THE *Independent* this week confirms our announcement of several weeks ago, that Chief Justice Chase is preparing or ready to accept a Democratic nomination for the Presidency, should it be tendered to him. We doubt not there are intelligent, managing men among the Democrats who will try to induce the party to make the nomination, which evidently Mr. Chase desires at their hands. But their campfollowers, of the rank and file, are too badly inoculated with negro-hatred and saturated with whiskey, to make it practicable for them to take Mr. Chase and win.

THE claim for impartial legislation and suffrage for woman was ably argued by Lucy Stone and others before a Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature last week. At the close of the hearing, which awakened much interest in the subject, an order was introduced and passed in the House, granting the use of the "Green Room" for another hearing, so that the whole body of members and others might be able to hear the arguments for woman suffrage, which will accordingly be repeated this (Wednesday) evening. We are glad so much hospitality is extended to this cause in the Legislature of Massachusetts, and hope we may be able to chronicle as the result of the discussion, a proposition to abolish the qualification of sex as a condition of exercising the elective franchise in the old Bay State.

WE note with much satisfaction the fact that Minnesota has this year abolished the gallows, as did Illinois last year. For these triumphs in humane and enlightened legislation the friends of progress are largely indebted to the zealous and indefatigable labors of the HON. M. H. BOVEE. With Jefferson Davis unhung, and no prospect of accomplishing it, if it were desirable, and no penalty in store for Andrew Johnson beyond sending him back to his native village a few months in advance of the expiration of his presidential term, disqualified, it may be, for an aldermanship again, we see no reason why the gallows should be longer kept in vogue anywhere for lesser criminals. We congratulate Mr. Bovee upon the triumph in Minnesota, and invite him to make New York the theatre of his next campaign, bespeaking for him a hearty co-operation in the work of putting an end to legal murder.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, it is said, contemplates spending a year in Europe for travel and study.

Leopold de Meyer, the great pianist, has returned to Europe suddenly, recalled by tidings of the illness of a sister in Vienna.

Mrs Kemble has generously given one hundred dollars to the New York Boarding House Association in East Broadway.

Mrs. E. T. Carter has been elected County Superintendent of Public Schools for Maury county, Tennessee.

Emeline Peckham, of Preston, Conn., received three votes at the recent Connecticut election, as a candidate for the State Legislature.

George B. Vashon, a colored lawyer, applied for admission to the bar in Pittsburg, last summer. A decision against his application was given in the court of Common Pleas in that city, on Monday. Two judges concurred in the exclusion, one solely on ground of color, and the other on the technical ground of non-compliance with certain rules of the court.

A telegram from London, dated April 8, says: "All doubts of the safety of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, are now dispelled. Sir Roderick Murchison today received a letter from the distinguished traveller, which came by the way of Zanzibar. Dr. Livingstone writes that he is in good health, that his journey of exploration has been successful, and that he will soon return to England."

Ralph Waldo Emerson is announced to give three lectures in Brooklyn, under the auspices of the Liberal Christian Union, the evenings of the 20th, 22d and 24th instants. His subjects will be "Eloquence," "Man of the World," and "The Relation of Intellect and Morals." A master thinker, with an eloquence of expression peculiarly his own, it is always a delight to listen to Mr. Emerson. The opportunities to hear him in this vicinity are rare, and these lectures will undoubtedly be largely attended.

Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble, we are glad to be able to announce, will read again in this city, at Steinway Hall, next week, the four following plays of Shakspeare: On Tuesday evening, April 21, "King Henry the Fifth;" on Wednesday evening, April 22, "Twelfth Night;" on Friday evening, April 24, "Much Ado About Nothing;" on Saturday morning, April 25, "Romeo and Juliet." All our readers in this city who have not listened to Mrs. Kemble's readings should improve this opportunity to hear one who has no equal among elocutionists. Many who heard her with delight a few weeks ago will rejoice to hear her again in the selections above announced.

Mrs. Kemble reads this week in Brooklyn, at the Brooklyn Institute, this (Friday) evening, "The Second part of King Henry the Fourth;" to-morrow (Saturday) at 3 p. m.,, "As You Like It."

George T. Downing, well known to many of our readers, and now a resident of Washington, has received from the "Ku-Klux" the following notice:

K. K. K. K. K. K.

HEADQUARTERS KU-KLUX KLAN,
PROVISIONAL DEPARTMENT POTOMAC,
WASHINGTON, March 31, 1868.

Downing, beware. [Figure of a dagger.]

You are a marked man. [Figure of a coffin.]

Marked for the knife and the coffin. [Death's head and cross bones.]

You will not stick to your oysters and let politics alone.

What had you to do with the War Department imbroglio? What had you to do with the affairs of the President?

You have set yourself up as a leading negro.

You shall lead them to ——.

If you are in Washington ten days after this reaches you it will be as a corpse. Neither the F. Y. A. M., the U. L. A., nor your friends in the G. A. R. can save you.

Remember Lincoln.

By order of Death. [A death's head and cross bones.]

Assassin. [Figure of a sword.]

Adjutant.

[Death's head and cross bones, and figure of a coffin.]

K. K. K. K. K. K.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 14th, 1868.

VERY little can be said about impeachment, its progress, and affairs as connected therewith, which is not known to all your readers. The trial is resting to-day in consequence of the sickness of Mr. Stanbery. A great many wild rumors are afloat as to the uncertainty of several Republican Senators. The sporting men here, who are all Johnsonites, and the whiskey ring lobbyists, who are ready to spend any amount for Andy, now declare that he is sure to be acquitted and offer even bets in support of their belief. Yet I find no one whose knowledge men make their opinions worthy of note, who believe other than that he will be impeached. The general opinion is that the verdict will rest on the first three articles, which charge a violation of the Tenure of Office act and of the Constitution in the attempted removal of Mr. Stanton. As the trial proceeds this is seen to be the real and tangible proceeding on which the case rests. The other articles have been useful in filling up, and lending motive and purpose to that action, but it is in the misdemeanor that result will follow.

There is a danger not on the surface, but working on the minds of Senators, and cropping out in various ways. Everybody agrees that Mr. Johnson has shown himself remarkably weak and ridiculous in the choice of such an agent as Lorenzo Thomas a; weak, vain old braggard, inflated with a sense of his own importance, obstinate enough for any mischief and with an arrogance that amounts to malice if crossed, the President's tool has only succeeded in showing the weak and mean side of his character. He seems so weak and foolish, that there is a danger that men will fail to perceive that such a man may have a wicked and forcible side to his character, and so be a useful tool for a tyrannical Executive. In laughing at Thomas's folly, Senators may be persuaded that there can be but little damage done by a President who uses such poor tools. Liberty has been assailed by greater fools than this man in blue, who recall's Pope's satire most forcibly:

"Pretty! in amber to observe the forms,
Of hairs, or straws, or grubs or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich or rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there."

Gen. Thomas's testimony has really thrown light on the President's designs, and thereby strengthened the case against him. So with the evidence of Gen. Sherman, whereby the President is shown not to have entertained any purpose, such as he puts forth in his reply to the articles, that his only object was to get it before the Courts. In conversing with Gen. Sherman it now appears that he knew the case could not be so disposed of. He therefore calculated on frightening Stanton out of the Department by the influence of Sherman's name, or that General, if he had accepted the *ad interim* appointment would have gone into the Department any how.

There will probably be no session to-morrow, as the unveiling of the statue of Mr. Lincoln, now being placed in front of the City Hall here, will be attended by Congress and most of the officials. The trial is now expected to terminate about the 25th.

The military preparations of the State of Maryland are quite significant. They continue unabated, though with much less ostentation, and therefore with probably more mischievous intent, than was the case a short time ago. It is said that forty thousand able-bodied men are enrolled in the militia, of whom fifteen thousand are in volunteer regiments, armed, uniformed, equipped and officered for active service, if needed. This force nearly all wears the rebel grey as a uniform, and a majority of the officers served in the rebel army, as did the most of the men. Recently the State Legislature appropriated $300,000 for additional arms and equipments. A new law under the head "Military" has just been passed. A military fund is provided for, comprising various fines, etc., by which it is expected an additional $300,000 a year can be raised. Exemption is to be obtained on payment of two dollars. The Union men have mostly paid this. The uniforms are provided by the State, and to wear any part of one without permission subjects the wearer to a fine of not exceeding twenty dollars. There are a score of offences for which fines are to be paid. It appears that the arms purchased for this force are of the best character. Recently a demand was made upon the General government for the States quota of arms. Maryland was modest and wanted her share in artillery. Secretary Stanton vetoed that little game, and so no guns have been turned over to these gentlemen in gray, unless they intend to make use of the large number of captured ships' guns, of all kinds and character, which Secretary Welles some months ago so obligingly had stored at Annapolis.

What the object of all this parade and preparation is, one can only conjecture. The Southern sympathizers—Johnson's friends—made no secret of what the intent is, in their opinion at least. They say that the President will resist removal and appeal to the country. In this event they intend to respond. It is worthy of note right here that Henry Clay Dean and others of his ilk are reported to have recently declared that the Governors of Maryland, Kentucky and Connecticut are prepared to stand by the President at all hazards.

ASMODEUS.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, April 12, 1868.

THE "regular" medical profession have long been notorious for their refusal to fraternize with women as practitioners of medicine, and their indisposition to allow them opportunities of study in hospitals and medical colleges. Many of the most distinguished members of the profession have favored a more liberal policy, but the great ruling majority continue to hold the position above stated. It now appears that the practitioners of Homœopathy hold the same position as a body, though the minority is so large that a change of policy may be expected before many years.

At a meeting, held here last week, of the Massachusetts Homœopathic Medical Society, a list of candidates for membership was brought forward for admission, including the name of Mrs. Mercy B. Jackson, who has for many years had a large homœopathic practice in this city. All the other candidates were elected, but at the mention of the lady's name an active debate arose, which ended in a vote of refusal, 31 to 33. The objection, according to the report published, was on the ground of sex alone, no want of competence otherwise being alleged.

Mr. Dickens has finished his readings here, and taken his farewell. He has made from beginning to end, a highly favorable impression upon the Boston public. At the last performance, on Wednesday evening, the Tremont Temple was filled to its utmost capacity, and the readers desk was crowned with rare and beautiful flowers. The hushed attention of the audience, and their full appreciation of the deep interest of the delineations, whether pathetic or humorous, could hardly be greater than on previous occasions; but the applause at the close was so enthusiastic and continuous that Mr. Dickens returned to make a brief and neat farewell speech, after which three hearty cheers were given him.

The most unequivocal proof, however, of the delight of the public in his readings, was the full attendance on the previous evening, Tuesday, when the weather and the walking were far the worst of the whole past winter. A heavy snow ever since early morning, which changed to rain in the afternoon, and poured with the violence of a summer thunderstorm during the hour preceding the reading, were well suited to keep people at home; but they went, and seemed to find themselves well repaid. In fact, no entertainment that we have ever had, dramatic, musical, or other, has met with wider or more uniform appreciation than Mr. Dickens's readings.

The one-sided character of sectarian papers, giving so much of the truth as favors their own party, and no more, is well illustrated by a sentence in last week's *Watchman and Reflector*. In a list of eminent clergymen who favor Sabbath observance, that paper has the assurance to place Archbishop Whately's name, and to quote a sentence from him which, to a hasty reader, would seem to imply that he agreed with them, and with the *Watchman*, as to the *ground* of such observance. In the sentence referred to, Whately declares himself anxious that Sunday *should be* set apart for religious worship, study and meditation; *their* doctrine is that that day *has been* set apart for those purposes by God's especial appointment, recorded in the Bible; a doctrine which is not only controverted but thoroughly disproved in Archbishop Whately's writings. He thought it so important to bring out the truth of Scripture in regard to this matter, that he added a long and learned note to one of his essays, expressly to show that the Bible enjoins no Sabbatical observance whatever upon Christians; and he afterwards expanded this note and made of it a separate publication, entitled "The Sabbath," teaching therein the same doctrine with Rev. Henry Grew's excellent tract of the same name.

Dr. Whately favored religious services on Sunday, because the Episcopal Church appointed them, and because he thought it a wise appointment; but he made the frank admission (which the *Watchman* dishonestly evades) that *God* has made no such appointment, and that *the Bible* gives no such direction.

I told you, I think, last week, that the "religious" papers of New England, which were always friendly to the Colonization Society while it was in alliance with slavery, still favor its attempts to uphold the prevalence of *caste*, and have generally given editorial insertion to the deceptive statement sent to them by the Secretary of the Society. I mention this for the sake of referring, by contrast, to the sensible comments of the *Advertiser* on the colonization enterprises as follows:

"The New York *Times* grows melancholy over the presentation of another petition from the freedmen, asking government aid to emigrate to Liberia. We do not regard the fact as indicating anything in particular, except that agitators in the South have instilled their own morbid notions into the minds of some of the negroes. It has been repeatedly shown that the great majority of them are attached to this, their native country, and are hopeful of their own future. There is abundance of work for them to do, and it is their own interest as well as that of the white people of the South that they should remain just where they are. Uneasy souls are to be found in every community. Sometimes they are of Southern birth and choose to go to Brazil, sometimes they are citizens of Maine and go to Jaffa. It is more than probable that the petitions have secured the signatures of the least intelligent negroes, who have been artfully persuaded to join in the scheme by those who desire to create a popular impression at the South that emancipation has proved a failure in respect of its ameliorating the condition of the blacks. At all events it is not safe to lay down broad general rules from these scattering requests, nor would it be wise to accede to their petition, either for their advantage or ours. When foreigners are seeking our shores by the hundred thousand it is no time to think of colonizing a valuable class of laborers in Africa."

So much dissatisfaction has been expressed at the recent alliance of the Boston Tract Society with the National one at New York, that the Chairman and Secretaries of the former have found it needful to publish an apologetic explanation. They try very hard, and in the disingenuous manner usual with them, to show that no harm has been done by this alliance. They make a parade of answering some incidental and trivial objections, but leave the main ones unnoticed as well as unanswered.

You have heard of the woman who married a man "to get rid of him." That is precisely the thing which has been done by our Tract Society to yours. Ever since 1859, when the Boston Society made a formal separation from the New York one on the ground of corrupt administration, the keen old heads that manage the latter have so conducted their business as to cause unspeakable vexation and annoyance to the Agents and Secretaries of the former. Next after piety, the people of that faith value nothing so much as consistency. Throughout all the troubles of the last fifteen years, the New York Society has stood grandly calm, firm, stable, unmoved, immovable. They favored slavery and colonization, they ruled anti-slavery rigidly out of their series of publications. They have never said a word of repentance or apology, and yet they have managed with such consummate skill as to force the people who went out from them, protesting against them as recreant, to come back and beg for readmission, saying nothing about the old charges of moral delinquency.

When Rev. Mr. Bullard of Hartford, Connecticut, told the Boston Society (on the day when they voted for this surrender) that they left the New York Society because it had become apostate from God and the truth, and that it had not changed one iota from its former shameful position—no man had the hardihood to reply to him. The real reason why the re-union was voted was too discreditable to be brought out face to face with that ugly fact; but the strength of the opposition compelled Dr. Dexter to bring it out before the meeting was over; and then it appeared that the quiet, systematic persistence of the New York Managers caused incessant and unspeakable trouble to the Boston Agents in making their collections; and this to such an extent that it was found better, on the whole, to retire from the contest, and leave the most productive method of collection wholly in the hands of the New York Society; in short, marry them to get rid of them.

How the reunion now to that unchanged New York Board of Managers is to be reconciled with the charges formerly made and proved against it, is what the present circular of the Boston Secretaries takes care not to touch upon; and it preserves a similarly discreet silence upon the fact that the old issues of the New York Society, from which all anti-slavery sentiments had been carefully expurgated, must now, *by the bargain*, be kept for sale at the Boston Society's Depository in Cornhill.

NORTH.

LETTER FROM MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

A PLEA FOR THE INDIAN.

NO. II.

To the Editor of the Standard:

BRITAIN derives its name from an ancient word signifying party-colored; because the inhabitants painted their bodies with various pigments. None of them cultivated the ground; they all lived by hunting, and raising herds of cattle. They wore no other dress than the skins of beasts, and they lived in small huts of wicker-work covered with rushes. How little descriptive is this of Great Britain now.

I have no doubt that every nation and tribe on earth is capable of being softened and refined if brought under the right influences. But the great, the almost insurmountable difficulty in the way of universal civilization has always been that Christian nations, in their transactions with peoples of other religions, have never considered themselves bound by the same moral principles which regulate their conduct toward those of similar faith and equal power. They are more savage toward "heathens" in war, they are more fraudulent with them in trade, and in personal intercourse, they treat them with less civility. Their philanthropic labors among them are nearly deprived of efficacy by an assumption of superiority, a pride of condescension, which is so ingrained in their habits that they are unconscious of it. When Moravian Missionaries attempted to convert the Delawares to Christianity, one of the Chiefs said: "There are two ways that lead to God; one is for the white man, the other for the red man; but the red man's path is the straighter and shorter of the two. If the Great Spirit came down into this world, and was treated as you say, I assure you the Indians are not to blame for it, but white men alone. As for your Book, we cannot understand it; it is too difficult for us." To which the Missionary replied, "I will tell you the reason of that. The Devil is the Prince of Darkness. Where *he* reigns all is dark; and he reigns in *you*; therefore, you cannot comprehend anything about God, or his Word." The missionaries were accustomed to repeat this conversation, with entire unconsciousness that such a method of conversion was ill-adapted to gain proselytes.

Contempt, whether expressed or implied, alienates all men; but it operates with peculiar force upon Indians, because they have by nature great pride of independence; a pride capable of producing glorious results, if rightly developed and applied. Nothing keeps down individuals, or races, like the consciousness of being considered inferior by those around them. It is not only mortifying and discouraging in its effects, but it produces a feeling of isolation, that builds up a complete wall of separation. An Indian of the Kennebec tribe, who had gained a high character by uniform good conduct, had a grant of land from the State, in a new township where a number of white families were settled. He applied himself to the cultivation of it, and was orderly and industrious. But his neighbors, though they found no pretext for molesting him, had the common prejudice against Indians, and they habitually treated him as an outcast. When his only child sickened and died, not one of them went near him. Soon afterward, he said to some of them: "When white man's child die, Indian sorry. He help bury him. When my child die, nobody speak to me. I make his grave all alone. I can no live here." He abandoned his farm, dug up the body of his child, and carried it two hundred miles through the forest, to join a Canadian tribe.

In reading Dr. Livingston's Travels in Africa, the perfect feeling of human brotherhood which he invariably manifests toward those rude tribes is cheering to my heart. His dealings with them are uniformly just and kind, and his estimate of them always rests as a basis on the thought, "Thus should I do and be, if I had grown up under such circumstances; and they would be as I am, if they had received the same education." This spirit everywhere inspired confidence and attachment. Tribes accustomed to regard (with abundant reason) all white men with suspicion, fear, and abhorrence, welcomed Dr. Livingston as a friend, and were zealous to serve him. Spoke, the traveller, seems to have been actuated by a different spirit. He was always ready to assert superiority and intimidate by threats; and the natural result was that the native Chiefs were always wrangling with him and seeking to annoy him.

The native tribes of America are doubtless much more revengeful than those of Africa; but so much has been said of their horrid cruelties, and they have taken such deep hold of the popular mind, that it would be like throwing petroleum on a flaming village for me to repeat them. I will, therefore, pass them by, and endeavor to show that their character has its bright side.

Much as we are accustomed to abhor and despise them, they are in some respects decidedly superior to white men. Gen. Houston, who lived two years among them, said in the Senate of the United States, "I never knew an Indian to break a promise, or violate a treaty." Mr. Schoolcraft, who was for twenty-five years an agent of the United States among the Chippewas and Ottawas, told Mrs. Jameson, "I have never known an Indian to break a promise, or violate a treaty." He regretted his inability to say as much in favor of his own government. At the very time he spoke those words he was troubled by orders to require the Indians to take goods instead of the money promised them in exchange for their lands. They needed the money to pay for articles they had obtained on credit founded on the promise of it. They were indignant at what they justly considered a violation of the treaty; but so little did the United States regard their rights, that a contract had actually been made with a trader to supply the goods, and he was there ready to deliver them, before the form was gone through of asking the Indians whether they consented or not. Mrs. Jameson, who was there

at the time, says: "The mean petty-trader style in which American officials make and break treaties with the Indians is shameful. I met with no one who attempted to deny or excuse it." In this case, the Indians, after remonstrating in vain, became so exasperated that they killed some of the men who tried to force goods upon them in lieu of the promised money; and, as usual, a general hue and cry was raised about "Indian atrocities," without inquiring into the cause. I pass over the long record of similar facts. The amount of the whole is that the Indians never broke a treaty, and the white men never kept one. William Penn is an exception. His dealings with the natives were uniformly just and kind; and the consequence was that his little Colony lived in the midst of the numerous and warlike Delawares as safely as they could now live in his "City of Brotherly Love." Only one Quaker was ever killed by the Indians, and that was by mistake; his dress, and the gun he carried, having led them to suppose he did not belong to Penn's Colony.

The Indians have one marked trait of character, which is much less universal among the whites. They never return kindness with treachery; their gratitude is as lasting as their revenge. Edwin Corey, once an officer in the United States army, joined the Society of Friends, and was sent by them on a mission to the Indians. After residing among them for some years, he returned to transact some business. People were surprised that he did not bring his wife with him, and inquired anxiously, "Won't she be very much afraid there in the woods without you to protect her?" "O no, she won't be afraid," replied he. "She is perfectly safe. I left nine Indians with her."

Had the views of William Penn been faithfully carried out, we should doubtless see a very different state of things from that which now exists. But emigrants whose opinions and practices were different from the Quakers settled in that region, and his plans for the civilization and comfort of the natives all fell through. The Delawares have been three times removed from their lands, and are now about being removed again from the tract reserved for them in Kansas.

There is another trait in Indian character, which contrasts favorably with the frequent practices of white nations. They never, not even in their wildest moments of revenge, offend the modesty of female captives. Mr. Schoolcraft says: "The whole history of Indian warfare might be challenged in vain for a solitary instance of this kind. They think it would be degrading to a warrior to take dishonorable advantage of female prisoners; that it would render him unfit for manly achievements, and unworthy of them." Compare this with the disgusting details of towns and cities sacked by Christian nations! Compare it with the brutal treatment that Indian women receive from United States soldiers, agents, gold-diggers, fur-traders, and other lawless adventurers!

One would hardly expect to find enlightened views of education among the Indians; but I think one of their maxims on that subject is the wisest I ever read. They never strike children, giving this as a reason for it: "Before a child is old enough to understand, there is no *use* in striking him; and when he is old enough to understand, no one has a *right* to strike him." It is but a short time ago that an orthodox minister in New York whipped to death his child of three years old, to compel it to repeat a prayer. It would have been well for him if he had learned the maxim of the Indians, and practiced it. Mrs. Jameson, describing her short sojourn with some of these uncivilized tribes, says: "I never heard the children scolded or threatened, and their mothers told me such language was never used. I saw no evil results from this mild system. The general reverence and affection of the children for their parents was delightful to witness."

Theologians and politicians have been prone to adduce the enslavement of negroes as sufficient proof of their natural inferiority. Judged by this standard, there is no justice in classing Indians among "the subject races." White men have outnumbered them, as a thousand to one, they have tortured and slaughtered them, they have, hunted them like wild beasts, they have brutified them with drink, they have heaped enough of discouragement and contempt upon them to crush all manhood out of them; but they could never succeed in making them slaves. I once asked Edmonia Lewis which she preferred, the black race of her father, or the red race of her mother. She replied, "My mother's people never submitted to slavery; and I honor them for that." Speaking of Edmonia, reminds me of an impromptu witticism of hers. Some years ago, an old Calvinistic minister exhorted her to attend revival meetings, and frequently took occasion to reprove her love of frolic. Seeing her running and romping with some other girls, before breakfast, he exclaimed, "Ah, you child of Satan!" "Good morning, father," she replied.

The quiet decorum of Indians imparts a dignity to their deportment rarely met with in the most elegant drawing-rooms. Mrs. Jameson, after describing strange costumes, grotesque finery, rags and dirt, adds, "But in *manners*, they are the most perfect gentlemen I ever saw. We are twenty white people, with three thousand seven hundred of these wild creatures round us, and I never in my life felt more security. I never met with people more genuinely polite."

The stoicism of their manners has given rise to the idea that they are deficient in feeling; but in reality their affections are very strong. This is especially indicated by their tender memories of the dead, and their longing to rejoin them. When a delegation from the Chippewas visited Washington, in 1849, a babe that was brought with them sickened and died. The grief of the parents knew no bounds. A person who pitied their distress caused a Daguerreotype likeness of the dead child to be taken. The bereaved mother carried it in her bosom, and over and anon she would take it out, cry over it, kiss it, and offer it to her husband, whose keen black eyes would fill with tears as he kissed it also. Every morning, they bowed their heads solemnly over the little picture, and uttered a brief prayer before they entered upon the duties of the day. Another proof that their natures are emotional is that they are extremely fond of music, which missionaries have found peculiarly useful in arresting their attention and touching their feelings.

Notwithstanding the many discouragements that weigh them down, there have been not a few individuals among them, who have proved, beyond dispute, their capability for moral and intellectual culture. Miss Brandt, daughter of a Mohawk Chief, attracted attention by her intelligence and lady-like manners. The mother of Mrs. Schoolcraft was an unmixed Indian, who married a white trader by the name of Johnson. These intermarriages are by no means rare; and they prove, as plainly as the complexions of mulattoes and quadroons, that the "antipathy of races" is not a *natural* antipathy. Mrs. Johnson was an uncommon woman. Her father, a Chippewa Chief, was celebrated among his tribe for his talent at making allegories and stories. She inherited the gift, and some of her productions are quite poetic. Mrs. Jameson says: "Her habits and manners are those of a genuine Indian squaw, but her talents and domestic virtues command the highest respect. Her two sons-in-law, Mr. MacMurray, and Mr. Schoolcraft, both educated in good society, the one a clergyman, and the other a man of science and literature, look up to this remarkable woman with sentiments of affection and veneration. In her own language she is eloquent, and her voice, like that of her people, is low and musical. Many kind words were exchanged between us, mostly in French, for she understood English but little. When I said anything that pleased her, she laughed softly, like a little child. I was not well, and she took me in her arms, laid me on a couch, and began to soothe and caress me. She had the strongest marked Indian features, but her countenance was open, benevolent, and intelligent. Her manners were easy and simple, yet with something of motherly dignity. She set before us the best dressed and best served dinner I had seen since I left Toronto, and presided at her table with unembarrassed, unaffected propriety."

It is generally supposed that the Indians knew nothing of agriculture, till they saw it practised by the whites; but this is not true. In our war with the Indians, 1794, Gen. Wayne destroyed many settlements of the Wyandots and Miamis on the shores of Lake Erie. In an official dispatch, he wrote thus: "The very extensive and cultivated fields and gardens show the work of many hands. The margins of the rivers appear like one continued village for miles. I have never beheld such immense fields of corn in any part of America, from Canada to Florida." All this was laid waste by white men. The Cherokee tribe in Georgia, numbering about twenty thousand, resolved to adopt our mode of life. They made good progress in agriculture and various mechanic arts, and were as orderly as other citizens. But the State of Georgia coveted their lands, and they were driven off to a Territory beyond Arkansas, by a series of insupportable persecutions, at which the government of the United States winked, if it did nothing worse. How *can* people improve, who are never secure in the possession of their lands? Yet while we are perpetually robbing them, and driving them "from post to pillar," we go on repeating, with the most impudent coolness, "They are *destined* to disappear before the white man." And we "nail it with Scripture," just as we did our enslavement of the negroes, "Japhet shall be enlarged, and inhabit the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant." If the white man is Japhet, all I have to say is, he has behaved in a rascally manner toward Shem and Canaan.

Presented from such points of view, how must our religion appear to the Indians, who have always believed in One Great Spirit, the Father of the whole human race. No wonder there has been so little success in attempts to convert them to Christianity. Their ideas of politeness prevent them from ever ridiculing or contradicting the theological opinions of other people; but when missionaries told them of a hell where sinners were punished to all eternity, perhaps there was some latent sarcasm in their reply, "If there be such a place, it must be for white men only."

L. MARIA CHILD.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN KANSAS.

THE Kansas State *Record* devotes one column each week to Woman's Suffrage, edited by a committee appointed by the Woman's Suffrage Association. We copy the following:

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

In entering upon our task we fully realize that we have not the minds and hearts of men to deal with, but their prejudices, and the influence of early education. If we can only get people to think as rational beings should, we have no doubt of a speedy triumph of Woman's Suffrage, and of all the principles of moral and civil government laid down in the Declaration of Independence, and in the Constitution of our country. In 1840 when Morse originated and made public the idea of an electric telegraph, he was pronounced a fool and fanatic, yet how great has been its benefits to the world. Without it we could have no complicated network of railroads; nor could we have been able to march and countermarch our large armies in the late rebellion; still later, when it was proposed to connect the Old and New Worlds by means of a thread of iron, men of science demonstrated the fact that the electric current could by no possible means pass through the cable even if it were successfully laid; yet millions daily read of foreign transactions in politics, and commerce, through its medium. So it was when Fulton proposed to apply steam to propelling vessels, it was regarded as so wild and visionary that a certain Englishman declared that he would eat all steamers that crossed the ocean, and yet he lived many years after our steamship lines made their tri-weekly trips between Europe and America. Still later the Democratic party declared that we could not put down the rebellion, could not free the negro, much less use him for a soldier; yet all this has been done and much more. All new ideas are combatted with, for want of thought, regardless of the truth of those ideas. The last prediction is that Woman cannot exercise the elective franchise without becoming a disgrace to herself and an evil to society. But the day is now dawning when this false idea will have passed away, and Woman will have entered upon a nobler walk in life, and will become a helpmate for man in affairs of State as in the home circle, aiding him by her ballot to overcome many of the evils of society that now appear beyond control. This subject is of grave importance and we ask you not to dispose of it by using some hacknied phrase, or slurring remark, but give sound reasons for your convictions and see if they will stand the tests of truth. It is your duty to consider the subject of Woman's Suffrage carefully; if after such consideration you conclude that the moral tone of society will be improved, then it is incumbent upon you to use all reasonable endeavor to further this glorious cause of equal rights to all who have a home upon our soil.

PENNSYLVANIA POLITICS.

LETTER FROM HOWARD W. GILBERT.

PHILADELPHIA, April 10, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

If there were no other reason why straightforward and independent people should rejoice in the continuance of THE STANDARD, this, alone, would suffice, that, although there is a vast deal of *talk*, on the part of editors of successful newspapers, about "fearlessness," "high moral courage," etc., etc., and much complaint on the part of those who are about to establish journals of the "independent" and "incorruptible" kind, of the want of these desirable qualities in those already in existence, nevertheless, men of real sense soon discover that such a thing as a truly and thoroughly independent newspaper is scarcely to be found in the country. One editor will freely allow the use of his columns for the exposure of one phase of an evil and another for that of a different one, but there are extremely few who can afford to permit a full exposure of *all* the aspects of the slavery question, for example: THE STANDARD at least enjoys this proud eminence—its object is neither money nor popularity.

In a recent debate in the Legislature of Pennsylvania on the new Registry bill, Mr. John Hickman incidentally declared that the whole Irish Catholic vote of the country would be given to sustain the Democratic party in its denial of the right of suffrage to the negro. This frank declaration of a most remarkable and noteworthy truth awakened the ire of an Irish Catholic member of the House, who proceeded to make himself ridiculous by the usual grandiloquent talk about his being "the gentleman's peer;" but it is worthy of record that he did not condescend even to deny the accusation. He merely denounced Mr. Hickman, in the Hibernian style, for calling public attention to the fact, which he tacitly admitted.

The Republican newspapers of the State, so far as I have been able to learn, very generally censure Mr. Hickman's independence, reminding one forcibly of a short extract which you gave your readers from Mr. Latham's recent book on America, in which that gentleman declared that the Fenians had adroitly managed to get at least one of their number into the editorial corps of nearly every newspaper of importance in the country.

Mr. Hickman is reported to have said, in the debate referred to, that "an intelligent negro was better than an Irish Catholic." I felt sure, when I read the report, that this was a misrepresentation—that he could never have uttered a remark so childish and silly; and I learn that he has publicly denied having done so.

But the broad fact remains (and I, for one, am heartily thankful to Mr. Hickman for having called public attention to it in this straightforward manner), that of all foreigners who come to us from the old world, the Irish, alone, have, throughout this struggle on the slavery question, uniformly, as a body, taken the side of oppression. Notwithstanding this notorious fact, a large number of the "Radical" editors of the State still continue to cringe to them in a very servile manner, *while they most decidedly give the cold shoulder to the black man.* These "independent" and "unterrified" persons are extremely careful to disclaim all sympathy with Mr. Hickman, but if an impudent Irishman, just arrived in the country, demands the disfranchisement of our native-born colored citizens they dare not whimper. This is a fair specimen of their "fearlessness."

Ex-Governor Curtin, during his speech at the late Republican Convention in this city, most warily avoided all sanction of manhood suffrage, though he was obliging enough to intimate that after we have enlightened public opinion sufficiently to force the Republicans to take ground in favor of that measure, he "will be found standing with his party—*not one step in advance of it.*" On this little promise we may all rely with perfect security. No one will be surprised at it who remembers the proclamation he issued at the breaking out of the civil war, forbidding John Brown, Jr., and his black Canadians to set foot on "the sacred soil" of Pennsylvania, on their way to fight the battles of freedom and a country whose oppression had driven them into exile.

HOWARD W. GILBERT.

WOMEN AND POLITICS.

THE following letter from Madame Novello, the sister of Mary Cowden Clarke, has been printed in the Paisley and Renfrewshire (Eng.) *Gazette:*

DEAR MADAM: I read with delight your charming objurgatory letter, in which you inculcate cretinism as the fittest state of woman-mind. I say read, but should rather say heard, as my kind sister read it to me in my sick-room, where was assembled a bevy of fair girls, cheering the darkened room to which I am condemned by reason of my weak eyesight. Your admonitions were hailed with shrieks of approbation, by auditors employed most notably hemming pocket-handkerchiefs, darning socks, preparing for Christmas pudding, and in other occupations unobjectionable to the advocates of Noodledom. I was so impressed by your solemn adjuration to relinquish everything but household drudgery, that I should at once become your disciple, did not a few doubts cause me to hover in perplexed uncertainty.

The above-named girls, who work so tidily and nimbly, can also speak and write fluently several languages, can play Beethoven in masterly style, and sing Gounod mellifluously—they are quite little nightingales in song, as in active nursing; worse still, these deft sewers and darners are actually interested in Italian politics. (Please do not mention this fact to Mr. Crum-Ewing, as he might think, "Woe betide their future husbands! How can such girls mind them especially should they be Italian patriots?") As a spinster, I feel embarrassed by Mr. Crum-Ewing's injunction, that every woman should mind her husband and children. Can he suggest how I may do so, not possessing such chattels? Yet, notwithstanding this lack, I have found plenty of hard work to do in this world. I can boast of no unusual attainments or great science—in fact, I am almost ignorant enough to satisfy the notions of Mr. Crum-Ewing & Co.; but I never found the little knowledge I possess an impediment to my domestic duties. An intimacy with German literature has not prevented my knitting socks by dozens for my brother; the study of music and counterpoint has never been in my way when making a linseed poultice; and a slight acquaintance with anatomy has materially aided me when making rag-dolls for the ecstatic gratification of poor children.

You being converted to the "female cretinism theory," are quite justified in launching a thunderbolt at Mary Cowden Clarke's head for troubling herself about Shakspeare; you are convinced, doubtless, that an intellect exercised in profound research cannot possibly suffice to the concoction of an apple-dumpling, nay, could not comprehend any better than could the brain of George I. how the apple managed to get inside the paste, the surface of which is completely closed in, leaving no orifice through which to insert the apple. Yet, though your argument would seem conclusive, I must own that my sister, Mrs. Cowden Clarke, is the most domestic woman alive, and for months daily cooked a mutton-chop for her husband's lunch, when his health required dainty food; nor did I ever hear him complain that her Shakspearian studies (she was then writing the "Concordance") ever caused her to burn or smoke his chop. And as to Mrs. Somerville, I should agree with you in conjuring her to leave off mathematical calculations and abstruse reasoning (stargazing must unfit a woman for common-sense work), were it not that a friend of mine, calling on her, found her writing out a washing bill—and, incredible as it may appear, quite correctly! All these little facts make me waver in my resolution to join the cretinism sect.

Other communications add qualms to my conscience; if we all take to bed-making and shirt-stitching what will become of poor housemaids and needlewomen? Honest Betseys and Sukeys will be deprived of their hard-earned wages, unless, indeed, we beg our husbands to eat two dinners daily and sleep in two beds nightly, in order that by ministering personally to their creature-comforts we do not cruelly injure a larger and worthy portion of our sex. But methinks Mr. Crum-Ewing pays but a poor compliment to his own sex by imagining that women cannot mind their husbands if they attend to politics. A little mental cosseting comforts some men wonderfully. To a man returning home with an incipient cold a basin of gruel and warmed slippers near a cosy fire are charming, especially when prepared by a smiling wife. But cases occur when a husband returns home well in health, but harassed by anxieties, or soured by disappointment; then gruel is inane, and slippers are ineffectual. Then a woman best minds her husband who can fully enter into even knotty points of law or politics, can sympathize with his plans of great enterprise or philanthropic social reform, leaving stocking-darning and bed-making to the Betties of this world. Many a gifted woman may, and does, combine the Minerva and the Phillis—can on the same evening read to her husband a poem written by herself and reach him a posset prepared by the same fair hand—can toast him his muffin, and play him Mendelssohn while he eats it. Happy am I to know that thousands of women thus mind their husbands, and would continue to do so though they became independent voters of Great Britain.

By my letter you will perceive that I am not converted to the "female cretinism theory," though duly edified by your remonstrance. I feel still in a helpless state of exasperating vacillation. However, as a favorite maxim of Noodledom says "a woman should hold no strong opinions of her own," I hope this confession of my imbecility will commend me to your good opinion; in which hope I remain, dear Madam, yours admiringly,

SABILLA NOVELLO.

Villa Novello, Via S. Giacomo, Genoa,
Dec. 16, 1867.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

THE Union League Club, of this city, has removed its headquarters from Union Square, to a new, spacious and elegantly furnished club-house on Madison Square, corner of Twenty-sixth street. JOHN JAY, Esq., is the President of the Club. The first general meeting of the members in the new building was held on the 9th inst. The attendance was large, including many distinguished citizens and members of the Club. Mr. Jay occupied the chair, and delivered an address. After alluding to the past services and the encouraging prospects of the Association, Mr. Jay said:

"In regard, gentlemen, to our future, I think I can safely say that whatever of change or novelty there may be in the appointments of our Club-House, there is no shadow of change in our national position or our political aims. We stand where we have always stood, by the Constitution which makes us one nation, and by the immortal principles that constitute us a free people. We demand, now as ever, equal and exact justice for all men, and we do not exclude from the rule that class of our Southern countrymen who, during the Rebellion, were faithful to the Republic. But the contest between those who then fought against the flag and those who defended it has been renewed in the field of politics, and the Pro-Slavery party of the North has thus far succeeded in preventing reconstruction, although to effect their object they persuaded the South to reject the Constitutional Amendment, by which Congress, with unparalleled generosity toward those recently in rebellion, left the question of suffrage with the Southern States. It is made clear by the chosen spokesmen of the Democracy, that that party is now guided by the same men under whom, during the war, it proved faithless to the country, and that its cry of "the Union as it was," means the virtual reenslavement of the freedmen, the virtual repudiation of the war debt, the undoing of all that has been done toward reconstruction, and the plunging the country once more into confusion, with a new wreck of commercial confidence. We cannot forget that the Democratic leaders who still inspire the party, are the same whose short-sighted Pro-slavery statesmanship for years committed them to a course of policy and legislation in violation of free speech, the liberty of the press, freedom of debate, and the right of petition, and in favor of pro-aggression upon the constitutional liberties of the North, of which the historian would find it difficult to decide whether it was more a blunder or a crime, if the acts and utterances of Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan, and the course of the party during the war, had not stamped upon its record the guilt of treason. In the approaching Presidential election, therefore, this Club will be, as heretofore, united and active. Cordially recognizing as we do the social virtues and amiability of individual members of the Democratic party, we shall oppose the restoration of that party to the control of the government by every proper and honorable means, for the reason that we regard its policy, as developed by its recent record, as un-American—as allied in sympathy to the enemies of our Republic, and as incompatible with the peace, the dignity, the honor, and the prosperity of the country."

AT Sterling, Mo., a temperance society has been established on a novel plan. No man can join unless he has been an inveterate toper. The president and chief officers were selected on account of their prowess in convivial circles. For every offence against total abstinence, clearly proven, the culprit is to be dipped into the river as many times as there are members in the organization.

THE Detroit *Post* says: "The ghost of slavery still haunts the State of Michigan and frightens timid men from justice and from right."

THE WRONGS OF THE WIDOW.—We invite Gail Hamilton to leave the general theme of woman's wrongs for a moment and give her trenchant pen to the discussion of an especial wrong of widows. A judge in Ohio has just decided, as judges elsewhere had previously decided, that a man may provide that, if his widow marries again, she shall lose all his or their property. Why should she not ask, with overpowering earnestness and pertinency, why a dying wife may not similarly tie up her first sorrowing and then solacing "relict?" Is not sauce for goose equally fit sauce for gander? A little plain common sense and a few homely proverbs of wit would go far to settle this vexed woman question, if the world would only give them heed. There is no intricacy about it; nothing but the bad education and barbaric traditions of the past to befog our minds.—*Springfield Republican.*

SENATOR WILSON AND GEN. GRANT.

MR. REDPATH sends us the following letter from Senator Wilson written in response to a criticism contained in a recent article from Mr. R. published in THE STANDARD. It will be noticed that Mr. Wilson's testimony in regard to the important question of Grant's personal habits settles nothing beyond what he has or has not himself seen:

SENATE CHAMBER,
WASHINGTON, March 30, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR: In a communication to THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD you say that "Senator Wilson works for Grant, who is no Radical, and objects to other candidates who are Radicals, because they sometimes drink." I am sure you do not intend to be unjust, but you certainly have placed me in a false position. For thirty-seven years I have been a pledged temperance man, and I have striven to be faithful to a cause my heart loves and my judgment approves. While I have ever regarded intemperance to be a terrible calamity to humanity and a sin against God, I have always felt the deepest pity and sympathy for all whose lives were blighted by it. I know of no Radical whose name has been mentioned for the Presidency who does not drink, or to whose nomination I have objected because he sometimes drinks. I have seen Gen. Grant in the camp, in his office, at his own house, and at dinner parties where liquors were freely used by others, but I have never seen him drink even a glass of wine, nor have I ever seen him when I had the slightest reason to think he was in any degree under the influence of drink.

You say further, that I work for Grant, who is not a Radical. I have done little work for Gen. Grant; for it was not necessary that any one should work for him. The Republicans of nearly every State, with great unanimity, have pronounced for him; but this result was not achieved by work, but by the needs of the country and the instincts of a patriotic and liberty-loving people. I took occasion more than two years ago to express on the floor of the Senate my conviction that a patriotic and liberty-loving people, betrayed by the President, would turn to that great soldier and summon him to marshal them to victory. Thirty-two years ago I fully committed myself to the anti-slavery cause, and I have striven with voice and vote to advance it to its final and crowning triumph. It was because I was an anti-slavery man, a Radical Republican, because I believed the cause of equal and impartial liberty to be above the ambitions and interests of public men, and because I believed Gen. Grant would carry the cause to assured victory, that I turned to him as the Presidential candidate of the Republican party. I know him to be an honest man, just, and firm, whose fidelity to his country and to the equal rights of all countrymen cannot be questioned.

Gladly would I have welcomed the nomination of some one of the veteran anti-slavery men, if such nomination could have assured the success of our cause in the great struggle of this year. But the pioneer anti-slavery men have ever been forced by the needs of their struggling cause to be self-sacrificing and self-forgetful. That self-sacrificing spirit and self-forgetfulness have achieved glorious victories for humanity in the past, and I trust will win in the future the election of a President under whose Administration the unity of the country will be assured, and the equal rights and privileges of all its citizens secured.

Yours, truly, HENRY WILSON.

JAMES REDPATH, Esq., Boston.

LITERARY.

MR. JOHN BAKER HOPKINS, in a sensible little book called "THE FALL OF THE CONFEDERACY," published last year in London, writes a final chapter on "the Future of the Union." After referring to the struggle by which the House of Commons in England obtained the undisputed legislative supremacy which it now enjoys, he says:

"Precisely the same change has taken place in the government of the United States. The authority of the President has declined. Mr. Johnson has vetoed several bills, but they have been passed over his veto, and the action of Congress has been sustained by the nation. By a true instinct, the people will not permit one man to rule, but commit, despite the *lex scripta* of the Constitution, supreme power to Congress. Henceforth, Congress will rule, and the President will reign. But for that, we might, indeed, be anxious about the future of the United States. Wherever there is individual rule, there is virtually a despotism, whether the ruler be called Emperor or President.

"The change that has taken place will involve another change. Congress is striving to control the Executive, just as the Parliament of England controls the Executive. This is the inevitable result when a popular assembly becomes supreme in legislation. The assembly that makes the law will not rest until it has the power and opportunity of enforcing the due execution of its acts. In England, the Executive—that is, the Cabinet—sits in Parliament, where it is ready to answer questions and to give information. The Cabinet, though nominally chosen by the Crown, is dependent for its existence on the will of the Commons. Hence it is that the division of offices does not interfere with the unity of rule. The Commons not only legislate, but they enforce the due execution of their will and acts. We may be sure that ere long the precedent of England will be followed in America. In every session Congress is more and more inconvenienced by the want of direct relations with the Executive. The government of the country is dangerously enfeebled. There is but one remedy. The ministers must be members of Congress, and they must hold office during the pleasure of Congress. This reform will be one of the immediate consequences of the supremacy of Congress, and it will be accelerated by the contention with Mr. Johnson. For that contention has taught Congress how its acts may be virtually set aside by an Executive that is independent of Congress.

"There is another change growing out of the supremacy of Congress that will attract some attention. The office of the President of the United States will forever be one of the highest distinctions to which a man can aspire. But hereafter the President will not be dictator. The altered *status* of the President will necessitate an alteration in the mode of his election. The people vest supreme power in Congress, and it is therefore absurd that they should be called upon to vote for the President. Why should the country be periodically agitated for the choice of an officer who is, after all, inferior in power to the Congress chosen by the people? It will be no small boon to the United States to be rid of the turmoil and disturbance of Presidential elections. Perhaps the most efficient plan would be for Congress to choose a President annually, or every two years, from the six senior members of the Senate, who have not already served the office of President. After the expiration of the term of office, the President would return to the Senate, and therefore a statesmen might be Chief Magistrate without putting an end to his public career. But the mode of electing the President is only a question of detail, and relatively unimportant.

"What of the future of the United States? Everything depends on the firmness of Congress and the determination of the people. If Congress wavers in asserting its supremacy, then there may be confusion and disaster. A man cannot serve two masters, and a nation cannot have two rulers. Either Congress or the President must be supreme. The United States must be governed either by Congress or by the President. It cannot be governed by both. If the President governs, then the government of the United States will be practically a dictatorship. Such is not the will of the American people, and they will support the supremacy of Congress." pp. 93-95.

THE FRIENDSHIPS OF WOMEN. By William R. Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Although it is some months since this book was published, it is not too late to add a word of hearty commendation to the friendly notices it has already received. The author has treated separately of the different relations of women, and he has grouped together in a manner that makes his book very valuable for reference, numerous examples of noble friendships in these varied relations. He has compiled many charming bits of personal history—always an interesting study—from the lives of such as Goethe, Humboldt, Madame Stael, Zenobia, Madame Recamier, Madame Swetchine, and the Mendelssohns. Mr. Alger's manner of treating the whole subject testifies to his profound study of the *human soul*, and he who studies *humanity*, is best prepared to treat wisely of its manifestations in man and woman. He exalts soul high above sense, and is, therefore, able to understand the purely spiritual relation that may exist between high toned men and women. In the closing chapter he inquires into the "present needs and duties of woman." He has studied the question honestly, and has arrived at results quite different from Dr. Todd's.

It is a noble book, worthy to be put into the hands of every young man and woman, to help them in learning the best uses of life, and their true relation to each other.

The *Public Spirit* for April begins a new volume, the third, and compares favorably with older magazines. The variety of reading matter is well selected, and the "Sanctum" gives evidence that the name of the monthly is rightly chosen. It contains Editorial Notes, Book Notices; Literary Notes, prepared by Mr. R. H. Stoddard; Information Concerning the Stage, by Mr. Philip Ripley; Art Items, by Mr. James Wilson McDonald; besides interesting news items under the departments of Domestic Politics, Foreign Politics and Miscellany.

The *Northern Monthly* contains an article on "The Delusions and Decorums of Dress," in which the author aims to show that the "body is more than raiment, and the soul is more than either." There is also "A Plea for Good Reading;" some personal reminiscences of Major-General Kilpatrick; the continuation of "The Metropolitan Pulpit," with stories for those who choose them, and other contributions in the editorial department.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Nos. 25, 26, 27, and 28. The foregoing numbers are fully equal in interest and value, both as regards letter press and pictorial art, to those of the series preceding them. Among the portraits is one of Mr. Sumner, which, of its kind, is very good indeed.

Putnam's Monthly for May contains: "Instinct Demoralized," by Myron B. Benton; "Out of Service," by E. Foxton; "Going Abroad," by H. T. Tuckerman; "Hymn of Niagara," by Thos. Hill, D. D.; "Office," by W. I. Paulding; "Fenianism—Why is it?" by ——; "Too True—a Story of To-Day. Chap. IX.;" by ——; "Life in San Francisco," by C. W. Elliott; "The Doctor's Assistant," by Elsie Ritzema; "Ole Bull among his Countrymen," by E. S. Carr; "The Mississippi River," by James O. Noyes; "Woman and Work," by Meta Lander; "The National Finances," by V. B. Denslow; "National Honesty," by L. E. Chittenden; "Familiar Letters from Japan," by J. Bishop Putnam; "The Right of Copyright," by S. Irenæus Prime; Editorial Chair of the Tribune: Horace Greeley, with a Sketch by Nast; Monthly Chronicle: Events, Literature, Fine Arts, Table-Talk, etc. G. P. Putnam & Son, 661 Broadway.

RECEIVED.

DAVID, THE KING OF ISRAEL. A Portrait drawn from the Bible History and the Book of Psalms. By Frederick William Krummacher, D.D. Translated by Rev. M. G. Easton, M.A. 518 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers.

HARPER'S PHRASE BOOK; or Hand-Book of Travel Talk for Travellers and Schools. By N. Pembroke Fetridge. 309 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell & Gay.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The North American Review, for April. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

THE Second Anniversary of the American Equal Rights Association will be held in New York city on the 14th of May next, at the Cooper Institute, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m., to continue through the day and evening. It is earnestly desired that all those who believe that human rights inhere in human beings and are not dependent on any accident of sex or color, will be present to aid in establishing this essential element of justice.

Our statesmen are now attempting to reconstruct this government under the mistaken idea that the troubles of a government based on "the consent of the governed," can be healed, while more than half the people are shut out from all possibility of giving consent. They attempt to perpetuate an aristocracy of sex, unjust, tyrannical, and odious, of which the world must be rid before there can ever be a true Republic, a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

To aid in establishing such a Republic, let the friends of equal human rights come to our anniversary, with fresh baptisms of faith in the sure triumph of these principles, with new pledges to use every just and honorable means to forward this cause.

In behalf of the Committee of arrangements.

LUCY STONE.

THE Second Anniversary of the Universal Peace Society will be held at Dodworth's Hall, New York, on Friday, May 15th, 1868, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m., and continuing through several sessions.

Advertisements.

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A LETTER TO LITTLE FOLKS, MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M.D.
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FEBRUARY.

THE CURE OF INEBRIATES, DR. J. B. F. WALKER.
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"THE NIGGER SHAN'T RULE US."

BY MAYNE REID.

"The nigger shan't rule us! We wont let him do it!"
Oh! shame on your manhood who prate to this tune!
As sure as you live you'll have reason to rue it;
And dying, regret you've been such a poltroon.

'Tis cant you are talking; right well do you know it,
If not, then to you is the greater disgrace;
Since the "nigger"; despised—by the same words
can show it,
You own him to be the superior race!

He counts but four millions—you seven and twenty—
And yet you pretend you're afraid of his rule!
He feeble and poor—you strong in your plenty.
Go to! you are either a knave or a fool!

How you gladden the hearts of the despots of Earth,
Of the foes to humanity, freedom and God!
I can hear them exchanging their peans of mirth
As they see you self-baring your back for the rod.

I hear a chain clanking—'tis clanking for you;
You are forging your fetters as fast as you can.
Not strange, to your country you cannot be true,
Since taus to yourself you are *less than a man!*
—*Newport News.*

THE USE OF TOBACCO AND WINE.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

There are many liberties that men may take for themselves which, it seems to me, a wise consideration of their influence upon those around about them should lead them to avoid. I rank among these the use of tobacco and the use of wine, as matters of pleasure and of indulgence.

I honor my father's memory. I remember, from my earliest childhood, that at a time when it was the custom of every minister, almost, habitually to smoke, and occasionally to drink—the occasions sometimes coming very near together!—my father was remarkable for abstinence from the cup, and for total abstinence from the use of tobacco. And every child of my father by my mother—every one of the eight oldest children—has walked in the way he should go, and has not departed from it when he has grown up. And there has not, perhaps, been an ounce of tobacco consumed by my father and the children of the first family. Nor has there been one of them that has not been strictly and conscientiously temperate. I cannot tell how much I owe to my father. I cannot express my sense of obligation to him, in this respect.

When I grew old enough to be foolish, I wanted to smoke because other boys smoked; and I did, at last, bestride a cigar; and I got my first reward. I remember that the experience was followed by something sharper than narcotic influence, or unconscious influence. I remember feeling separated from my father. I revered him; I almost worshipped him, although I was not much of a worshipper; and I threw away the weed. My first experience was substantially my last experience. From that day to this I have never touched tobacco, in any form or method. And I thank my father for it.

Now, I perceive a great many men that are employing narcotics in their families, excusing themselves because it does not hurt them; and they are bringing up white-skinned, cerebrated children as the result. We are living in an age in which, by constitution, children receive an overplus of nervous influence. We are living in a climate that is stimulating. We are living under institutions that tend to acuminate every nerve and intensify all cerebral influences. We are just the people that do not need any added stimulus. And yet, I see a great many parents who are bringing up their children so nervous that if one or two things of this kind be added, their destruction or injury will be sure; and they will not put them away. They will have no consideration of the influence which they are exerting upon their children. I am satisfied that the fathers themselves in many of these cases are strong enough to maintain a moderation in the use of these stimulants; but, ye that are strong, bear with the weak.

I perceive the same thing taking place some times among clergymen. I am happy to believe, however, that the custom is going out of use. I do not believe that a clergyman can be thoughtful—at any rate, I cannot conceive how one can be thoughtful on these things—and not suppose that his example will be a temptation and bewilderment to those that are weak.

Do you say, "I am not going, because there are weak men in this world, to deny myself of any lawful and proper pleasure?" Then you are not fit to be a preacher and a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We ought to lay aside anything that will be a stumbling block to another. We ought not to lay aside everything that will provoke anybody; but anything that will lead a brother to stumble; that will corrupt his stomach; that will defile the secretions of his body; that, above all, will fire the nervous system in such a way as to take hold almost certainly on other stimulants, and as likely as not lead to intoxication and utter destruction—this, we ought by all means to lay aside. The risk of not doing it is more than any one ought to take on himself who is a follower of Christ. It is a perilous thing for a man by his example to fire arrows which he knows will poison whomever they hit. And it would be a sweet and blessed thing if, in addition to all a man's positive works of good in life, he could say, when he comes to die, "I have not consciously done a single thing, in eating or drinking or pleasure, that I thought had a tendency to mislead or stumble to their destruction any of those who are around about me."

Now, it seems to me, that, in the present state of the world, and in the present state of life, it must be a matter of utter thoughtlessness on the part of any persons that would offer, on such a day, for instance, as New Year's Day, to the young, the means of intoxication—knowing, as they do, that there will be many coming to their houses who are not able to resist temptation; knowing, as they do, that many, who, coming to their houses, and to scores of other places, and being tempted to drink, will turn that day into a disgrace to themselves and to their friends; knowing, as they do, the unutterable mischiefs that spring from intemperance; knowing, as they must know, what torments and evil experiences are going on about them. I cannot conceive how any such should spread upon their tables these means of destruction for the young.

I would not, for the price of my life, turn out in my parlor a whole box of adders, saying, "If men will keep their eyes open, and be moderately careful where they step, they will not be bitten." And yet, I could as easily justify myself for doing that as for putting wine on my table and offering it to the young. "At last it biteth like a serpent," is written of strong drink. But that is not the whole of the truth. It does not always wait to the last. It often bites at first, and all the way through to the end. If you say that the reason is thoughtlessness, I reply that that is not the general reason, nor is it a worthy one. I do not think you put wine on your table for a reason of real hospitality. I fear that most persons put wine on their table from quite a different motive. For the most part, we are not a wine raising, nor a wine bibbing people. It is a matter of fashion and of infinitessimal vanity, ordinarily. Men put wine on their tables as a matter of show, as a matter of fashionable compliance. There is but little distinction between these reasons. They are a great vulgar mass. None of them will bear examination. None of them spring from feelings that are worthy.

But it seems to me that there is one motive which should rule in these matters. Whether you eat or drink, do it to the glory of God. Can you glorify God in any way that will be so acceptable to him as by taking care of his little ones? Can you glorify God so truly as by setting an example that shall heal and reclaim and save, rather than tempt and mislead and destroy?

Mother, suppose one should take your child, suppose one should take that sweet-faced flower, and with superior eloquence and witching wiles fill her ear with things that should not be heard, and her heart at last should burn with flames that are of death, could any excuse be rendered to you for the destruction of that child? Father, should that now pure and noble son of yours, whose impulses are all generous, and whose sympathies are all right and true, be taken by some one that you have trusted—a false friend—and little by little tampered with, till he loved to hear salacious stories, till he loved the sparkle of evil wit, till he begun to love the evil things of which he heard, and you found at last that the bottom of morality was destroyed in him, could any apology be made to you? Could anything be said that should stand between the indignation of your heart and the seducer of your boy? And should you let your example, even in things allowable, debauch and destroy a child of the Lord Jesus Christ, for whom He died—could you ever make an apology for it? When you have destroyed a man, is there any excuse that you can give? Will it be enough in the judgment day to say, "I did not mean to?" Was that all the care you had? Was that the whole of your duty? Will you, by your word or example, cause men to stumble and destroy them? and then will you cover their griefs and your responsibility with no broader vail than this—"I did not mean to?"

Young ladies, women, the worst use to which you can put your beauty, your attractive manners, and the fascination of your sweet dispositions, is to tempt your young companions and friends to indulgence. Woman, who has suffered so much of man's vices; woman, who has been the victim since time began—she cannot afford to tempt men. Every interest of purity and dignity and honor should lead every woman and every maiden to set her face, and her whole sweet and strong example, against everything that is of the passions, everything that is of the appetites, that the young may strengthen their good resolutions. Dehort them from indulgence. Take them by the hand, and let them feel that they rise in the court of love in proportion as they forswear everything that is unmanly and everything that is gross, and it cannot but be that in the end you will reap joy abundantly.—*Herald of Health.*

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

I live high up in a city house all alone. My room is a cozey little place, though there is nothing very splendid in it—only my pictures and books, my flowers and my little friend. When I began to live there, I was very busy and therefore very happy; but by and by, when my hurry was over, and I had more time to myself, I often felt lonely. When I ate my meals I used to wish for a pleasant companion to eat with me; and when I sat by the fire evenings, I thought how much more social it would be if some one sat opposite. I had many friends and callers through the day, but the evenings were often rather dull; for I couldn't read much, and didn't care to go out in the stormy weather.

I was wishing for a cheerful friend one night, when all of a sudden I found one; for, sitting on my hand, I saw a plump, jolly-looking fly. He sat quietly staring at me, with a mild little hum, as if to say,

"How are you? You wanted a friend, and here I am. Will you have me?"

Of course I would, for I liked him directly; he was so cheery and confiding, and seemed as glad to see me as I was to see him. All his mates were dead and gone, and he was alone, like myself. So I waggled one finger, by way of welcome, fearing to shake my hand, lest he should tumble off and feel hurt at my reception. He seemed to understand me, and buzzed again, evidently saying,

"Thank you, ma'am; I should like to stay in your warm room, and amuse you for my board. I wont disturb you, but do my best to be a good little friend."

So the bargain was struck, and he stopped to tea. I found that his manners had been neglected; for he was inclined to walk over the butter, drink out of the cream pot, and put his fingers in the jelly. A few taps with my spoon taught him to behave with more propriety, and he sipped a drop of milk from the waiter with a crumb of sugar, as a well-bred fly should do.

On account of his fine voice, I named him Buzz, and we soon got on excellently together. He seemed to like his new quarters, and after exploring every corner of the room, he chose his favorite haunts and began to enjoy himself. I always knew where he was—for he kept up a constant song, humming and buzzing, like a little kettle getting ready to boil.

On sunny days, he amused himself by bumping his head against the window, and watching what went on outside. It would have given me a headache; but he seemed to enjoy it immensely. Up in my hanging basket of ivy he made his bower, and sat there on the moss basking in the sunshine, as luxuriously as any gentleman in his conservatory. He was interested in the plants, and examined them daily with great care, walking over the ivy leaves, grubbing over the moss, and poking his head into the unfolding hyacinth buds to see how they got on.

The pictures, also, seemed to attract his attention, for he spent much time skating over the glasses and studying the designs. Sometimes I would find him staring at my Madonna, as if he said, "What in the world are all those topsey-turvey children about?" Then he'd sit in the middle of a brook, in a water-color sketch by Vautin, as if bathing his feet, or seem to be eating the cherry which one little duck politely offers another little duck, in Oscar Pletch's Summer Party. He frequently kissed my mother's portrait, and sat on my father's bald head, as if trying to get out some of the wisdom stored up there, like honey in an ill-thatched bee-hive. My bronze Mercury rather puzzled him, for he could not understand why the young gentleman didn't fly off when he had four wings and seemed in such a hurry.

I'm afraid he was a trifle vain, for he sat before the glass a great deal, and I often saw him cleaning his proboscis, and twiddling his feelers, and I know he was "prinking," as we say. The books pleased him, too, and he used to run them over, as if trying to choose which he would read, and never seemed able to decide. He would have nothing to say to the fat French Dictionary, or my English Plays, but liked Goethe and Schiller, Emerson and Browning, as well as I did. Carlyle didn't suit him, and Richter evidently made his head-ache. But Jean Ingelow's Poems delighted him, and so did her "Stories Told to a Child." "Fairy Bells" he often listened to, and was very fond of the pictures in a photograph book of foreign places and great people.

He frequently promenaded on the piazza of a little Swiss chalet, standing on the mantelpiece, and thought it a charming residence for a single gentleman like himself. The closet delighted him extremely, and he buzzed in the most joyful manner when he got among the provisions—for we kept house together. Such revels as he had in the sugar bowl! such feasts of gingerbread and grapes; such long sips of milk, and sly peeps into every uncovered box and dish. Once I'm afraid he took too much cider, for I found him lying on his back, kicking and humming like a crazy top, and he was very queer all the rest of that day; so I kept the bottle corked after that. But his favorite nook was among the ferns in the vase which a Parian dancing girl carried. She stood just over the stove on one little toe, rattling some castanets, which made no sound, and never getting a step farther for all her prancing. This was a warm and pretty retreat for Buzz, and there he spent much of his time, swinging on the ferns, sleeping snugly in the vase, or warming his feet in the hot air that blew up, like a south wind, from the stove.

I don't believe there was a happier fly in Boston than my friend Buzz, and I grew fonder and fonder of him every day; for he never got into mischief, but sung his cheery song, no matter what the weather was, and made himself agreeable. Then he was so interested in all I did, it was delightful to have him round. When I wrote he came and walked about over my paper to see that it was right, peeped into my ink-stand, and ran after my pen. He never made silly or sharp criticisms on my stories, but appeared to admire them very much; so I am sure he was a good judge. When I sewed he sat in my basket, or played hide-and-seek in the folds of my work, talking away all the while in the most sociable manner. He often flew up all of a sudden, and danced about in the air, as if he was in such a jolly mood he couldn't keep still, and wanted me to come and play with him. But, alas! I had no wings, and could only sit stupidly still, and laugh at his pranks. That was his exercise, for he never went out, and only took a sniff of air now and then when I opened the windows.

Well, little Buzz and I lived together many weeks and never got tired of one another, which is saying a good deal. At Christmas I went home for a week and, left my room to take care of itself. I put the hyacinths into the closet to be warm, and dropped the curtain, so the frost should not nip my ivy; but I forgot Buzz. I really would have taken him with me, or carried him down to a neighbor's room to be taken care of while I was away, but I never thought of him in the hurry of getting my presents and myself ready. Off I went without even saying "good-by," and never thought of my little friend till Freddy, my small nephew, said to me one evening at dusk,

"Aunt Weedy, tell me a story."

So I began to tell him about Buzz, and all of a sudden I cried out,

"Mercy on me! I'm afraid he'll die of cold while I'm gone."

It troubled me a good deal, and I wanted to know how the poor little fellow was so much, that I would have gone to see, if I had not been so far away. But it would be rather silly to hurry away twenty miles to look after one fly; so I finished my visit, and then went back to my room, hoping to find Buzz alive and well in spite of the cold.

Alas, no! my little friend was gone. There he lay on his back on the mantelpiece, his legs meekly folded, and his wings stiff and still. He had evidently gone to the warm place, and been surprised when the heat died out and left him to freeze. My poor little Buzz had sung his last song, danced his last dance, and gone where the good flies go. I was very sorry, and buried him among the ivy roots, where the moss lay green above him, the sun shone warmly on him, and the bitter cold could never come. I miss him very much; when I sit writing, I miss his cheerful voice and busy wings; at meals there is no tidy little body to drink up spilt drops and eat the crumbs; in the evenings, when I sit alone, I want him more than ever, and every day as I water my plants, I say softly,

"Grow green, ivy, lie lightly, moss, shine warmly, sun, and make his last bed pleasant to my little friend."—*Louisa M. Alcott, in Merry's Museum.*

THE WOODS.

"In the woods we return to Reason and Faith.—*Emerson.*

In the woods on an April day,
When the blue birds whistle low,
And song sparrows trill
Their quaint little ditty;
Mid moss-covered trees,
Over last year's leaves,
I stroll, and my heart
Leaps up and sings
Like a bird in the early Spring.

The little wind-flower peeps up to greet me,
Seeming to laugh in the April sun;
The depatica opens its pale blue eye,
And trustingly looks at the deep blue heaven,
I look up too, I cannot say why,
For the tide of joy, and the springs of hope,
Flow from the earth as from the sky,
Below, as above, one presence shines,
Below, as above, one promise glows

In the woods in early June,
The oriole pipes so clear;
From meadows below
The bobolink pours
His frolicsome lay;
And over me sing
The cat-bird and thrush,
To whose jubilant notes
My heart keeps beating time.

The promise, now fulfilment grown,
The Presence, in dear Summer glows;
Its beauty is more than heart can hold.
The leafy ocean overhead,
The flower-girt shore on which I stand,
Alike are infinite in forms
Of change: in beauty infinite.
In vain I strive to drink all in,
In vain to utter all I feel.

When under August suns
All nature faints, I wander
To the woods, and dream
In the deep, cool shade;
While the vireo calls,
And cicadas shrill
'Mid the branches tell,
In their well-known tones,
Of the heat I no longer feel.

From the woodland swamp a lazy breeze,
Stealing along with noiseless step,
Brings the white-robed Clethra's breath,
And the velvet apios' grape-like odor;
Nor song of bird, nor sight of beauty,
Fills the heart with more calm delight.
Through every sense I draw in bliss;
Each sight, each sound, each odor, tells
Of one all-loving Presence there.

To the woods October calls
My willing feet, to find
'Mid the golden rod,
And the falling leaves
Of the maple-tree,
With their varied hues,
Or of scarlet oaks,
Or the crimson gum,
The crown of the beauteous years.

In the rich ripe leaves of the Autumn woods,
After the Summer's pride is o'er,
A glory glows like a sunset sky,
All change is glorious; in the work
By the world's Builder naught turns back;
Each change brings in new excellence.
The sunset of the year foretells,
To the trusting heart, a sunrise glad
In the woods, in the coming Spring.

To the woods, to the woods I go,
Whate'er my frame of mind;
And find my heart
Is there attuned
To holy thought,
In woods I see,
And forests wild,
A husbandry rare;
And the husbandman is God.

In the Presence there, my soul awakes;
Each passion cools while faith grows strong,
My little plans of life forgot,
I live for the time in the life of God,
With Him I tend each tree and plant,
Each creature feed, all nature fill;
Then, strong in energy divine,
Back to my little sphere return;
Lo! He comes with me—makes it His!

T. N.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

I spoke of Jacob Bright and Lily Maxwell. You have heard, of course, how the latter voted for the Liberal candidate in Manchester, and how it delighted the followers of John Stuart Mill. And this reminds me of a discussion I had with a strong opponent of progress as to what sort of a wife the latter must have had. It seems that he spends every Summer at the place where she died and was buried—Avignon, I think it is, in France; and I contended that a woman thus deeply lamented must have had her share in forming those opinions so long held and so widely disseminated by the author; and that her mental superiority must have been a constant and convincing proof of what other women could achieve if rightly instructed.

My friend, however, held an opinion the reverse of this, asserting that a wife who saw her husband about to promulgate such absurd theories must have been half-crazed herself not to have done her best to restrain him.

But would not the following extract seem to indicate mine as the correct supposition? It is a part of an editorial upon the vexed question of woman suffrage, and is attributed to *Mrs.* Mill. The writer thus introduces her:

"Surely—one is tempted to say—there must exist somewhere, if one could only find them, satisfactory reasons that would account for the extraordinary repugnance on the part of nine-tenths of the male sex in America and Great Britain to the very idea that women have a rightful claim to equality with themselves. We are unable to give our readers any clue to the solution of this difficulty more satisfactory—for such we confess it seems to ourselves—than is contained in these words of Mrs. Mill: 'No other explanation is needed than physical force. That those who were physically weaker should have been made legally inferior, is quite conformable to the mode in which the world has been governed. Until very lately the rule of physical strength was the general law of human affairs. The world is very young, and has but just begun to cast off injustice. It is only now (1851) getting rid of negro slavery. It is only now getting rid of monarchical despotism. It is only now getting rid of hereditary feudal nobility. It is only now getting rid of disabilities on the ground of religion. It is only beginning to treat any *men* as citizens, except the rich and a favored portion of the middle class. Can we wonder that it has not yet done as much for women? As society was constituted until the last few generations, inequality was its very basis; association grounded on equal rights scarcely existed; to be equals was to be enemies; two persons could hardly co-operate in anything, or meet in any amicable relation, without the laws appointing that one of them should be the superior of the other. Mankind have outgrown this state, and all things now tend to substitute, as the general principle of human relations, a just equality instead of the dominion of the strongest. But of all relations—that between men and women being the nearest and most intimate, and connected with the greatest number of stronger emotions—was sure to be the last to throw off the old rule and receive the new; for in proportion to the strength of a feeling is the tenacity with which it clings to the forms and circumstances with which it has even accidentally become associated.'"—*Foreign Correspondence of Chicago Tribune.*

ONE OF OUR LADY ARTISTS.

Those of our readers who have enjoyed the very beautiful designs in some of the new children's magazines—enjoyed them as much as the little ones themselves—will be pleased to hear of one, at least, of the artists who have contributed to their pleasure. Some of them had an opportunity to see Miss Gibbons, and to glance over several of her sketches, in the studio of Walter Brown, at the artists' reception in the Dodworth Building, last Saturday.

It was this young lady who designed the "Little Bachelor" series of sketches in the *Riverside*; two of the series were especially pretty. It illustrated the adventures of the Cœlebs, mentioned by Mother Goose, who went to London to buy himself a wife, on account of the annoyance occasioned at his residence by the rats and mice. The boxwood sketches of two of this series were to be seen on Saturday in Mr. Brown's studio. In one of them the little bachelor sits by the fire-place, and a very matronly little bit of humanity rises with the smoke of the fire. In the other sketch, the final catastrophe—the overturning of the wheelbarrow—is represented with an effect sufficiently thrilling and sufficiently comical. The little lady with her household furniture is precipitated upon the ground, and the young husband witnesses the wreck in consternation. Another sketch upon wood exhibited Saturday, intended for *Our Young Folks*, represents Cinderella, at the moment of her transformation into the appearance of a princess. A faint outline study on paper is for a companion piece—Cinderella sitting unnoticed in a corner. The *abandon* of this figure is, to our taste, more noteworthy than the life, attitude and delicate drawing of its mate. The reader who did not see these sketches Saturday will see them both, with others of a series, probably, in *Our Young Folks*. Other sketches both on wood and paper by this lady made Mr. Brown's studio one of the most attractive in the building.

Miss Gibbons is young, ambitious, and industrious. Her genius is exquisitely delicate in its playfulness—as one sees in the designs which we have mentioned. Publishers have already discovered her talent, Ticknor & Fields especially; and the public will soon learn, we think, to look for her name in the corners of the best designs. We trust we shall see more of this lady's work at the next reception.—*N. Y. Evening Mail.*

[Miss Gibbons is a granddaughter of the late Isaac T. Hopper.]

The "Infant Suffocation with Knowledge System," is the expressive and popular term for the course of study prescribed for young people in most educational institutions at the present time. We have not used the term "children," as we infer that there are none. The poets of old mourned that

"The sunny, sunny *hours* of childhood"

had with them passed away. Now childhood itself has gone, and we hear of infants and young men and women—no boys and no girls. Historians speak of a time when there were "children." That time has past; the boys are now premature mockeries of men—the girls, "something between a doll and a stunted woman." It is one of the most gratifying signs of the times, that parents are at last considering the evils that naturally flow from the state of things at present existing in our schools. Our columns have recently been occupied by protests from considerate fathers, against the "cramming system" in the schools of this vicinity, and we have reason to know that the discussion is hailed with delight and watched with great interest in many family circles. A writer in the New York *Mirror* several years ago considered this general subject in so pleasant a style and with such admirable point, that we reproduce the article, and give it a prominent place, being convinced that its perusal will gratify thousands of our readers:

The schoolmaster is abroad—also the schoolmistress, besides tutors and governesses. Shortly after the children are weaned, they commence educating them. While the brain is yet in a soft, pulpy state, they load it with heavy facts and hard names, to its serious detriment during the remainder of its mundane existence. The ancient Grecian commenced with carrying a calf upon his back a few hours every day, so that when the calf gradually grew into a bullock, he carried the bullock with as much ease as he had done the calf. This is now the education principle. They lay a few leaves of Cyclopædia or Encyclopædia on a child's tender brain, and keep adding thereunto day by day expecting that when he is a man he will carry the thirty volumes with perfect ease, without considering that in the attempt they may crush all sap and freshness out of that brain, rendering it as flat as a pancake, and "dry as the remainder of a biscuit."

Now, is this wholesome—is it natural? Is it fair—is it humane—that a child should be cheated out of its childhood, and sent to learn the "use of the globes" before it has learnt to play at marbles? Or is it to be expected that this early forcing and hot-bed system can produce as healthy plants as if they had been allowed to grow in the free air and open sunshine? Oh! in place of sending a child to school at three or four years, let it enjoy three or four more years of healthy ignorance. Curb not its young freedom; abridge not its first holidays; cage not the pretty bird too soon! Change not the free air of heaven for the pent up atmosphere of the "seminary;" the gentle murmur of the winds for the dull hum of the prison-house. We were children ourselves once. Let us have a fellow-feeling for the young rogues. Let kind dame nature nurse them a few years longer. There will be fewer ricketty limbs and ricketty intellects.

And does a child learn nothing because it has not its primer in its hand? Certainly it does. Every hour of its little life it is learning; it cannot help it. The flower that blows, the springing grass, the withered leaf, the running water, the birds that hop across its path, and the thousand sights of the fields and woods, or even the squares or suburbs of a city, cause it to think and to question. The wind as it blows, the falling rain, the fleecy snow, the sharp frost making firm the unstable water, the thunder peal, the sun that shines by day, and the moon that steals into the dark sky at night, all and each arouses its infantile wonder and young curiosity. Let it then have a few years of pleasant natural education before it commences its painful artificial one.

But we are bent upon doing too much. No time has to be wasted. We cannot be content with healthy natural children, possessed of information proper to their years; we must have prodigies—or parrots. Miss prates of planetary systems whilst her fingers itch to make dolls' frocks, and Master is taught philosophy (heaven save the mark) before he has learned to curb his appetite for plum-pudding. And what are the precious results? A breed of pert, precocious things for foolish mammas and dunder-headed papas to exhibit after dinner before their silently-enduring, but inwardly blaspheming guests.

A fine way it is to learn a child humility, to cram its little head with hard, dry names, dates, and facts, which, though its memory may retain, its yet weakly intellect cannot by any possibility digest or turn into knowledge, but which names, dates, and facts it is very likely to discover full-grown people know nothing about, having never known, or having long since forgotten them. A very pretty way. But it is not your dull or ordinary children, who simply learn to babble about a multitude of things they do not understand, that are so much to be pitied—it is the naturally fine, apt, intelligent child that is the most inhumanly victimized; *it* is quick to learn, and its quickness is praised. The craving after knowledge enters its young breast, and, instead of being repressed or carefully regulated, it is excited and fed by the wonder and approbation of all who come in contact with the juvenile prodigy. To add to the evil, more pains are taken with it by its teachers than with ordinary children; it is better than an advertisement to them; a living proof of their efficiency as instructors; its gratified parents are grateful for their assiduity, and, with the best intentions on their part, its little brain is daily and hourly stimulated with mental brandy, no less hurtful to that organ, according to the best medical authorities, than the spirit itself would be. Such children are generally of a delicate constitution.

So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long,

and some fatal disease, proceeding from that poor o'erwrought brain, carries it off, amid the tears and lamentations of its well-meaning destroyers. Or, if it does live, ten to one that it naturally defeats the promise of its childhood. Commonly its intellect waxes feeble, instead of gradually strengthening and expanding, and it is often outstripped, in after life, by far duller, therefore less abused children.

And of what use to them is two-thirds of the (so called) knowledge with which they are burdened to the ruin of health and exclusion of enjoyment. A young girl, for instance. Of what utility to her in after life is the smattering of geography, astronomy, botany, zoology, ornithology, or any other ology which she may pick up. Is it not a more interesting fact to her that her pet dove is the emblem of true love than that it is of the genus *Columba?* and she can derive pleasure from the beauty and fragrance of flowers, endeared to her by their common name and associations, and feel their moral purity, without bothering her little head about the cramp titles with which Linnæus and others may disguise them. Is she ever likely to call the "Forget-me-not" by its latin name? And what to her is the use of the globes, without her lover be a sailor, and then she mistakes latitude for longitude and longitude for latitude? What to her is the planetary system, that caused her so many hours of trouble and perplexity, unless she affects a soldier, and has a curiosity to know when Venus and Mars are likely to come into conjunction? and what again to her is the ring of Saturn in comparison with one of much smaller dimensions? Will the signs of the zodiac give her any idea of the fashions? and what cares she now about the distance of Georgium Sidus from the earth she treads? These things were troublesome to her when she was a girl at school; they cheated her of her ball, and skipping-ropes, and scamper in the fields; but that is over now. She is a woman—*she has done with them.*

And are not your boys equally taught too early and too much? They are poring over the rudiments when they should be bracing their young limbs with healthful exercises; and they are studying the fragments and tail-ends of sciences (soon to be forgotten) when they should be imbibing the rudiments of learning. Why should we be in such a haste to inflict the pains of education and the penalties of imprisonment upon the young varlets? It dulls or overtaxes their brain, and checks the healthful current of their blood. They must learn, but let it be in due season. It makes one sad to see a little fellow sent to study Euclid at the age he should be reading Robinson Crusoe; and it equally does a man good to see such a one enjoying his young existence in an appropriate manner. Few there are who cannot enter into the feeling so finely given in the very beautiful lines of an American poet commencing—

There's something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshadowed by a thought of guile,
And unrepressed by sadness—
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness.

Then let the children have their play out.

WE ARE MEMBERS ONE OF ANOTHER.

Indifferent one, thou carest for nothing, save
Thy own affairs? Thy house and wife and child?
Scarcely has man a property whereon
Some strange hand has not an invisible lien.
Thou art thyself the world's; in thine own house
Thou dwellest—in the land, on earth, at large;
Who has the land, he has thy children too,
And he who has mankind has also thee.
Then care thou for thy country and mankind
Take part with voice and hand in what is near,
Take part, with heart and thought, in distant good,
What noble minds are doing, even for thee.
Let nothing die—else thou diest with it too;
Let none be made a slave, else thou art one;
And if all think as thou, then can henceforth
The bad man trouble none, not even thee.
And when mankind can freely do the right,
Then every gift divine redounds to thee
And to thy children's children, for whate'er
Thy spirit gains is gained forevermore.

—*From the German of Leopold Schefer.*

Couldn't Get the Right Flop.—In the year 1843, during the Millerite excitement in the usual quiet town of Durham, old "Aunt Sally H——," who would "weigh nigh onto two hundred pounds," "go up," and one evening in meeting, in the midst of a warm season of exhortation, she arose and said:

"Oh, brethren and sisters, bless the Lord, I'll soon get away from this wicked world; I'm going to meet the Lord in a few days. My faith is powerful strong. Oh, yes, powerful strong it is. So strong," continued the old lady, extending her arms and motioning them like a goose on the wing, "that it does seem as if I could fly right away now and meet the Lord in the air."

The minister, who was as great an enthusiast on "going up" as the old lady, encouraged her by exclaiming:

"Try, sister, try! Perhaps you can fly, if your faith is only strong enough."

"Well, I can," she exclaimed. "I know I can, and I *will.*"

She was standing near a window, which was raised on account of the oppressive heat—for it was Summer. With her handkerchief in one hand and her fan in the other, she mounted the seat, and thence to the top of the pew, and gave a leap into the air with a flying motion of her arms, expecting to ascend heavenward. But the law of gravitation was too much for both her faith and the gravity of the audience. Down she came with an enormous and not very angelic grunt, shaking the whole house with the concussion.

She arose, folded her wings, and with great meekness sneaked back into her seat, evidently disappointed.

The next evening some of the young folks asked her:

"Aunt Sally, why didn't you fly last night, when you tried so hard?"

"I couldn't get the right flop," was the meek and conclusive reply.

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For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Probably never before in the whole history of medicine, has anything won so widely and so deeply upon the confidence of mankind, as this excellent remedy for pulmonary complaints. Through a long series of years, and among most of the races of men it has risen higher and higher in their estimation, as it has become better known. Its uniform character and power to cure the various affections of the lungs and throat, have made it known as a reliable protector against them. While adapted to milder forms of disease and to young children, it is at the same time the most effectual remedy that can be given for incipient consumption, and the dangerous affections of the throat and lungs. As a provision against sudden attacks of *Croup*, it should be kept on hand in every family, and indeed as all are sometimes subject to colds and coughs, all should be provided with this antidote for them.

Although settled *Consumption* is thought incurable, still great numbers of cases where the disease seemed settled, have been completely cured, and the patient restored to sound health by the *Cherry Pectoral.* So complete is its mastery over the disorders of the Lungs and Throat, that the most obstinate of them yield to it. When nothing else could reach them, under the *Cherry Pectoral* they subside and disappear.

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Asthma is always relieved and often wholly cured by it.

Bronchitis is generally cured by taking the *Cherry Pectoral* in small and frequent doses.

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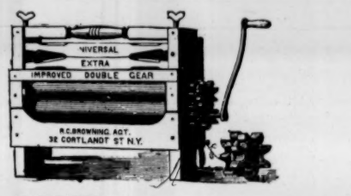

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO RELIGION
EDITED BY S. H. MORSE & J. B. MARVIN

The general purpose and character of this work may be sufficiently indicated in its title. It is proper, however, to add the following statement: The Radical furnishes a medium for the freest expression of thought on the questions that interest earnest minds in every community. Not having to consult denominational or party interests, it can consistently enforce the less sons of intellectual freedom and self-dependence. Confiding more in the natural force of Ideas for the progress and melioration of society, than in the good offices of the best disposed institution; in the Divine Spirit of Liberty steadily burning in the soul of man, rather than in the wisest prescriptions of political or ecclesiastical art; we are ambitious, by the discussion of ideas and principles, to fortify individuals in their trust of Spi